The New REPUBLIC

November 3, 1941

Crisis in Production

by Michael Straight

Call Japan's Bluff! . . . . . *T. A. Bisson*

The Ghost of John L. Lewis . . . . . *Editorial*

War Profits in Railroads . . . . *E. D. Kennedy*

Marshall Field III . . . . . *Willson Whitman*

Undeclared War Has Begun . . . . . *Editorial*

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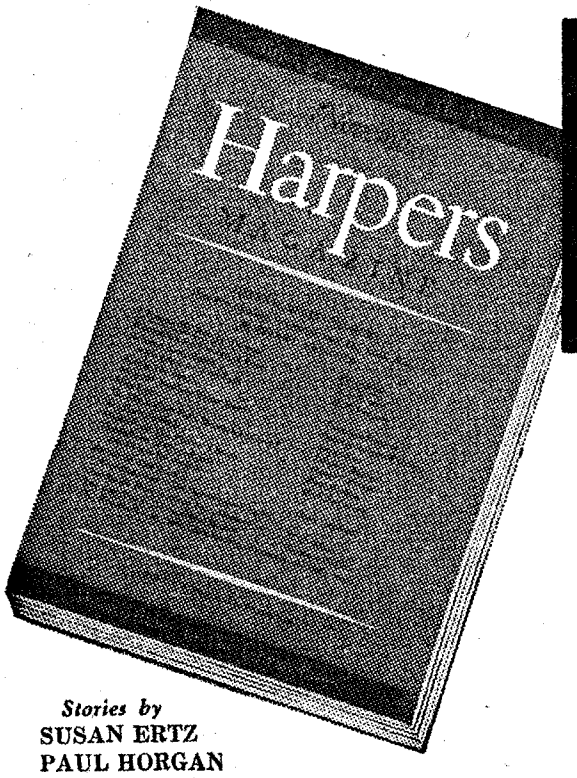

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 105, NO. 18 NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1941 NUMBER 1405

FDR and Lewis

John L. Lewis is fond of classical quotations; we suggest that he ponder a famous one: "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Mr. Lewis cannot possibly win in his controversy with the President, which is still unresolved as we go to press. Mr. Roosevelt holds all the trump cards. The only net result will be to increase the already bitter sentiment throughout the country against strikes in defense industries and make it more likely that Congress will pass restrictive legislation which every friend of labor must regret.

We are in favor of complete unionization of the captive coal mines; but we are also in favor of destroying Hitler's threat to the United States. The question regarding the coal miners is already before the National Defense Mediation Board; it is entirely capable of solution by the methods the Board has proposed. There is no issue involved sufficiently urgent to justify cutting down the supply of steel to the defense industries through a strike.

Mr. Lewis says the steel companies have ample reserves of coal; the Steel Corporation says on the contrary that its supplies are short and some plants have actually reduced operations by 20 percent (which of course may be a propaganda device for its effect on the public, though it is hard to believe that the most callous executive would tamper with the defense program in this way). The labor leader's attempt to substitute "Mr. J. P. Morgan" for the Steel Corporation as "his adversary" is such a clumsy trick as to suggest that Mr. Lewis has lost his grip on common sense. He says that "there is no question of patriotism or national security involved in this dispute." Surely there should be some forces in the United Mine Workers capable of preventing its head from making a public spectacle of himself. As we point out in another column, this is indeed the ghost of the old John L. Lewis talking.

FDR and LaGuardia

Nothing in President Roosevelt's public career does him more credit than his endorsement of Mayor LaGuardia of New York for reëlection. Every impulse of cautious political strategy would have told the President to keep silent or to utter such meek praise of the Little Flower that the Democratic machine could have disregarded it. Instead, he said what he thought in unmistakable terms. As a result, the betting has gone up to 4 to 1 in LaGuardia's favor, and the machine bosses are incoherent with rage, from Ed Flynn, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, down to the last Tammany ward heeler who was hoping to get his feet in the trough again.

LaGuardia's chances have also improved because of his own skillful campaign. His master stroke was to meet the Democratic charge that he had spent a million dollars on his candidacy, by setting up a tribunal of inquiry which took testimony and found that the sum mentioned was exaggerated several hundred percent. In fact, the Democratic campaign fell to pieces for the simple reason that the politicians couldn't find anything to talk about. Everybody in New York knows that the LaGuardia administration has been the best in the city's history. There is physical evidence of this on all sides. Everybody knows, too, that rule by Tammany and its affiliated gangs in Brooklyn and the Bronx would mean

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1941, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

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a return to incompetence and corruption on a vast scale. Even if they were honest, which they are not, men of the Tammany stripe lack the education, the public spirit and the imagination to make a fine city. Their gaze is backward; their ideals are those of the gaudy times of Jimmy Walker.

It is still possible, of course, that machine discipline plus the votes of all the fascist-minded minorities may lose LaGuardia the election; but such an outcome, on election eve, seems as improbable as it would be tragic.

Is the Oil Shortage Over?

Secretary Ickes, as Petroleum Coördinator for National Defense, last week announced that the oil shortage in seventeen Eastern states was a thing of the past and that service stations need no longer observe the 7 p. m. to 7 a. m. curfew that went into effect last August. Behind Mr. Ickes' optimistic announcement lay two developments: In the Atlantic, extended action by the United States Navy has greatly reduced tanker losses, enabling the British to return some of the ships earlier transferred to their use; at home the railroads, by ingenious doubling up of facilities, have managed to carry many more barrels of fuel to the East than was at first expected.

Refining capacity and present production levels, however, remain dangerously low. Despite the favorable picture of the moment, optimism must be qualified. The end of gasoline rationing does not mean that the oil shortage has been permanently solved. The problem, as the defense effort accelerates, is all too likely to crop up again.

Wavell at the Caucasus

Reports on British military action in the Caucasus are complicated by rumors from London of Russian objections to General Wavell's moving into Soviet territory. William H. Stoneman, on October 27, cables The Chicago Daily News from London that "one is forced to ask oneself whether the Russians, even now, are in sufficient peril, in their own estimation, to welcome the presence of foreign troops on their soil." He goes on to suggest that the demand for a western front cannot properly be made unless there is evidence that "Moscow has deeply considered and agreed to the formation of a front in the Caucasus." And he adds that "the working of the Moscow conference agreement is definitely hampered by the present lack of coördination." An October 28 AP dispatch to The New York Times echoes faintly the same suspicion—as existing among "some observers" in London.

We present these reports at their face value: they can be neither substantiated nor denied. It is possible that special pleaders in London, conscious that the heat is on Britain at the moment, are anxious to convince the United States that the blame rests with the Russians. Certainly, at first thought, it is hard to believe that at the most critical moment of her history Russia is willing to regard the only available military assistance as an objectionable form of foreign interference.

"In Sickness and in Health"

John Cudahy, former American Ambassador to Belgium, last week told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that when he interviewed Adolf Hitler in his mountain fastness four months ago, the Führer seemed a very sick man—"he looked as though he had a malignant disease." This is interesting enough gossip, but the implication of the statement, coming from one so little enthusiastic about the nation's foreign policy as Mr. Cudahy, ought not to be passed over lightly.

However innocent Mr. Cudahy may be, the Nazis themselves would very much like to have us believe that Hitler is a sick man with numbered days. With Hitler dead, the implication goes, Germany will again be a peace-loving country, fond of dancing and bock beer. It would be hard to imagine a more dangerous fallacy, as several realistic observers have recently been at pains to point out. Hitler, dead or alive, is the symbol of a force that is both ruthless and impersonal.

It is the impersonal force of Nazism, its ideology and its limitless ambition, that the democratic world is fighting. "When that man is dead and gone," to quote a popular-song title, we may still be at grips with a force which is by no means the work of a single man. Only the superstitious or the half-hearted can think otherwise.

British Taxes and Ours: II

The New Republic commented last week on the inaccuracies in the figures, published by the United States Chamber of Commerce, which put the per-capita British tax at $165 and ours at $168. The error was caused in part because the C. of C. omitted social-security-tax charges from the total of British taxes, and included them in the total for the United States. John L. Sullivan, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, points out that if this mistake is corrected and the proper figure used for the British national income (he believes it to be $24,000,000,000) the comparison stands, $200-per-capita yearly tax in Great Britain, $165 in the United States. The correct comparison for the proportion of the national income being collected in taxes in the two countries is then approximately 22 percent in the United States, approximately 40 percent in Great Britain. The Chamber of Commerce had it 25 percent in this country, 22 percent in Britain. As so many have noted, the big American business man is indeed a magnificent dreamer.

Dubious Move in Canada

Canada, which is unwilling to conscript her youth for active service abroad, seemingly has no scruples about coercion of her workers. The plan to freeze wages and

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prices, with a wage bonus to compensate for rises in living cost, announced ten days ago by Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King, was delayed by the torrent of protest from labor but has just been formally adopted. After November 15, no person may sell any goods or supply any services at a rate higher than the maximum price or rate charged by him during the four weeks from September 15 to October 11, 1941. Workers, below the rank of foreman, earning $25 or more a week, will get a bonus of 25 cents a week for each rise of one percent in the cost-of-living index. For workers earning less than $25 a week, the bonus will be one percent of the present basic wage.

Canadian workers are not objecting to the modest bonus. They are outraged for the simple reason that the basic wage, especially in unorganized mass-production industry, is in many plants below the standard of decent living. There is no minimum-wage law in Canada. Now there is no chance that workers, through their own efforts, can better their conditions. The government has promised that it will grant such increase in wage rates as it finds fair and reasonable. On the record, Canadians find little to hope for in the promise. The Dominion Steel Company, for example, pays the workers in its Montreal plant a minimum of 30 cents an hour. In its Nova Scotia plant, its minimum is 45½ cents an hour. Yet two years of effort, including a seven-weeks' strike, have not succeeded in altering the opinion of the government Board of Conciliation that a 30-cent minimum in Montreal is "fair and reasonable."

Tom Moore, president of the Labor Congress of Canada, calls the new plan "the longest step yet taken by any democracy toward the establishment of the totalitarian state." From this side of the border it is impossible to believe that it can help in strengthening a democratic war effort.

Are Forests Essential?

One of the surest ways to get into print these days is to draw up a budget which shows that "non-essential" government expenses can be enormously reduced. When we read the list of appropriations which are to be slashed we always look for one in particular—forestry. When we find it there we know that we are relieved from further study of that particular budget. President Benson, of Harding College, Arkansas, indulged in this money-saving pastime in the pages of The New York World-Telegram not so long ago and, sure enough, there was "forests" among the items that "should probably be cut in half," not only to save money but as an "example of thrift and economy." Perhaps President Benson will read the communication by Mr. Clapp, of the Forest Service, on page 588 of this issue. Perhaps, on reflection, he will decide that thrift and economy as abstract propositions are excellent, but that saving the country's trees would be an admirable way of making the general idea specific. An increased appropriation for forestry is the soundest economy we can imagine. Representative Walter M. Pierce, of Oregon, has introduced alternative bills in Congress providing for public regulation of private forests, and Senator Bankhead is drafting one. They could use some help in this economy effort, if President Benson, or anyone else, wants to lend a practical hand.

Anchors Aweigh

The impression that ours is a pretty good navy is strengthened by a yarn now going the rounds in Washington. It concerns a young man in the FBI who joined the Naval Reserve in a burst of enthusiasm some years ago and recently was called to active service. Naval duty sent him to Boston, for which he formed a marked distaste, and to a job which he considered dull and routine. The job (we are being deliberately vague at this point) had something to do with filing orders and reports from London. One day the lad hit on an idea that he thought would surely get him out of the navy and back among his pals in the FBI. He sent the Navy Department a scorching letter of criticism about the way things were handled in London and sat back, full of hope and guile, awaiting word of his dismissal. Word came quite promptly, in the form of a letter from the Navy Department congratulating him on his able criticism and ordering him off to London to set things right.

Last Week

The season of self-expression was officially opened by the special book numbers of all the weeklies, including the The New York Times's 48-page Book Review, issue of October 26, about half of which was taken over by the publishers to tell the world that their writers had things to say. The American Mercury announced "the first feasible plan for cracking Germany wide open, smashing the Nazis, ending the war, and establishing the basis for a sound, just and lasting peace," in the form of an article by Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. "If his plan should be adopted," added The Mercury, "he will go down in history as a great statesman." In any event, The American Mercury goes into the class with Simon and Schuster, which all publishers admit is the top in editorial self-expression.

The Maritime Committee cut loose with a degree of articulateness that wasn't entertaining to anyone except Hitler, when it announced that all aid to Russia would be sent from Boston. Washington, almost inarticulate with rage, said it wasn't true; but German submarine commanders, heading for the Russian port nearest Boston, which is Archangel, may have the last word in the advertisement. . . . Pearson and Allen, in their Washington Merry-Go-Round column, said that the administration's plan to turn the Galapagos Islands into a naval base was killed by Federal

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Loan Administrator Jesse Jones, who thought he was merely lending money for a fishing and cattle-raising development, and joked about it. South Americans believed they heard echoes of imperialism, which they think isn't funny. . . . But everyone got an honest laugh when nineteen Italian Throttlebottoms, vice-presidents of the fascist guilds, were swept into silence and oblivion by a sentence from the presidents of the nineteen guilds, all of whom are Mussolini.

Undeclared War Has Begun

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Navy Day speech was important for several reasons. He gave the public sensational news about Hitler's plans to take over South and part of Central America, amalgamating fourteen free countries into five vassal states. He brought to public attention what many people doubtless did not know, that the Nazis are implacable enemies of every type of religion except their own variety. He indicated that this country would not tolerate obstructive tactics by a little minority of labor leaders, evidently referring to John L. Lewis. Above all, he revealed that "the shooting has started," and thereby announced the opening of undeclared war.

While this announcement is of great importance, it would be dangerous to assume that now the issue of our full and open participation is settled. The President called not for our further participation but for the restoration of our freedom of action. Unless we act, and act quickly, to do this, we much increase the danger that the last shot will be fired by Hitler.

It is against our shipping that the Nazis have begun their attacks on us and our reply to them must be to free and protect our vessels. "Our American merchant ships must be free to carry our American goods into the harbors of our friends," the President stated. This means that we should repeal not only the section of the Neutrality Act which forbids our merchant vessels to be armed, but that which excludes them from the danger zones of belligerency. The second of these points should be incorporated, with the first, in the Senate bill that, as we go to press, is pending.

The freeing of our ships is urgently needed by the Allies. Despite the opening of some belligerent ports by the ruling of the Attorney General, American ships sailing to Australia, New Zealand and China cannot carry implements of war. American ships sailing to Egypt by way of the Red Sea may refuel at Capetown and the Red Sea ports, but they may not unload needed defense cargoes there. At any time, Japan may, if we allow it, further exploit the weakness which the Neutrality Act has forced upon us, and close the Pacific altogether to our ships.

The abolition of prohibited zones is a no less immediate necessity for our own national defense. William Yandell Elliott last week told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that our defense program depends upon our continued imports of manganese, tungsten, chromite, antimony, palm oil, rubber, tin and fibers. The law acts to restrict our imports of these vital supplies from their points of origin in Africa, India, the Philippines and the Far East. The ports in these areas need military protection; yet under the law we may not provide it.

Our immediate shipping program provides for the construction of 6,000,000 tons of merchant vessels. If these ships are transferred to foreign registry, they cannot be manned by American crews under the existing neutrality law. It is folly for us to build a great merchant marine and then transfer it to other nations because we deny ourselves the right to man our own ships. It is worse than folly, because today the Allies' lack of trained seamen—of whom we have more than enough—is a crucial supply bottleneck.

"Our American merchant ships," the President added, "must be armed to defend themselves against the rattlesnakes of the sea." If we are to send American ships through all the hunted sea lanes of the world, of course we must prepare to defend them. Admiral Stark proved during the Senate hearings that the arming of merchant vessels would greatly reduce losses suffered both through dive bombing and submarines. He showed that the arming of merchant ships forces enemy submarines to attack from beneath the surface, where they may fire only a small supply of torpedoes instead of a large quantity of explosive shells. In addition it makes the undersea craft much less effective. On the surface, submarines travel twenty knots, the speed of our newest merchant ships. Below the surface, they can travel at barely half that speed.

"Our American merchant ships," the President went on, "must be protected by our American navy." This measure, not included in the present Senate bill, means that automatically the President, as Commander in Chief, may order the American navy into any waters, but the naval action is limited in effect to the protection of American lives and property. So long as American ships are prohibited from belligerent zones the American navy, in effect, is also prohibited. With the opening of these zones to our merchant ships, our navy would undertake convoy duty at once to Britain, the Empire and to Russian ports.

Despite the urgency of these problems, there will be a hard fight in Congress. The bill permitting merchant ships to be armed passed the House by a deceptive margin. It was so clearly a measure of defense that many representatives for tactical reasons chose to let it pass and to close ranks to fight for the retention of the prohibited belligerent zones. As we have shown, neither of these two may be distinguished from the other. Both are parts of a law that has ceased to represent in any sense the spirit and action of our nation. Both must go.

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The Ghost of John L. Lewis

WE WONDER WHETHER the John L. Lewis who is today aligned with the domestic fascists is ever haunted by the ghost of the John L. Lewis who died.

The Lewis of today is the only important trade-union leader who is using his position to sabotage the defense program, the only one who is still a bitter isolationist, the only one who works with the increasingly fascist America First Committee. He has openly defied the President and the National Labor Mediation Board in their reasonable request that no strike be called in the captive coal mines pending negotiations in which Myron Taylor has agreed to meet with him.

One might ask, why worry about the obstructionism and even the megalomania of one who stands thus almost alone in organized labor? T. R. B. points out on another page of The New Republic this week that the break between the Lewis forces and the overwhelming majority of the CIO under President Philip Murray is, on the issue of fighting administration policy, now complete. Why, then, do we not ignore Lewis?

The answer is a dual one. First, we cannot ignore him because defense is indivisible. A strategic labor leader who chooses, against the clear needs of the defense program, to cause a crucial work stoppage because of his personal differences with administration policy, is fully as dangerous as a corporate executive who goes on a sit-down strike against the armament program because he dislikes administration policy. War today is monolithic: it is an interlocking, timetable affair. A failure of coal supply in the captive mines must mean an even greater failure of steel supply than is true today; a failure of steel supply may spell the long-run collapse of the anti-Nazi front.

The second reason is that the importance of a labor leader like Mr. Lewis goes beyond the labor movement itself to the dynamic movement of national affairs. There is today in the process of formation, under the leadership of the so-called America First group, what may become a powerful fascist movement. Such a movement, in America, would be anti-labor and feed on the resentments against labor that are today accumulating among middle-class Americans; and at the same time it would need at least the appearance of some labor support. Mr. Lewis fulfills both requirements. By his actions in the captive-mine episode, as in others, he has shown an insensitivity to public opinion for which the rank and file of trade unionists may have to pay heavily in the future. And at the same time, by playing along with America First, he has put himself in the position of eventually becoming their labor front.

Lewis has been in relative obscurity for some months, licking his wounds and biding his time. He has evidently chosen the captive-mine dispute as a strategic battlefield for carrying on his unceasing war against President Roosevelt, Sidney Hillman, the National Labor Mediation Board and administration foreign policy. He has picked his own ground for the fight, and done so cleverly. For in demanding a union shop in the captive mines, he is opening an issue which, however phony as applied to the coal miners (the captive mines are already 90 or 95-percent organized), will probably give him the support of the steel unions in the CIO, who will see this as a step toward winning collective-bargaining concessions from the Little Steel companies.

The situation is thus full of dynamite, and not least because it promises to prolong even further the split in the American labor movement. And the most tragic thing about this split is that the person who is engineering it was once a labor hero, working with the forces of progress in national affairs rather than against them. Those who have followed John L. Lewis' career know that he was never lily-white either in his political outlook or in his methods. He started as a Republican conservative in politics, and in trade-union tactics he started as a union tsar who was willing to use strong-arm methods of putting down opposition. The history of the Progressive Miners of Illinois is the history of those who were martyred in fighting Lewis' dictatorship. But during the depression John L. Lewis seemed to find himself, and headed a vast movement to organize the unorganized and to use labor strength for the welfare not only of labor but of the nation as a whole.

That John L. Lewis is now dead, and it is his ghost who is stalking Washington. The new Lewis cannot even be said to have gone back to his old conservatism and his old dictatorial methods. In his retreat he has gone beyond even his earliest reactionary days—on toward a personal adventurism which is using the whole labor situation as a stamping-ground for his own hatreds and his own conception of foreign policy.

Skeleton in the British Cabinet

THE DEMAND IS steadily growing in Britain that more effective military aid should be given to Russia than merely sending her supplies. Newspapers are urging that an invasion of the European continent be attempted at some point. The government is being criticized in the House of Commons. At a public mass meeting in London Miss Ellen Wilkinson was howled down when she pleaded for a common-sense point of view on what is possible. (It seems probable that much of the agitation comes from orthodox Communist Party members who are trying to demonstrate to Moscow their zealous support, and are ignoring entirely the practical possibilities. But not all the demands for action are from this source.)

Those who urge an immediate attempt say that Hitler has only thirty-five divisions in the West and that they are inferior troops. Britain must have something

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like one hundred and forty divisions available of which she should be able to spare one-quarter in order to equal Hitler's troops. If Germany detached men from the Russian front to fight in the West, that would relieve the pressure on Stalin's forces and might turn the tide of battle there. If the attempt is not made and if Russia goes down, the chance will be much augmented that Hitler will finally win the war. If an actual invasion is impossible, why not, it is asked, prepare troops and equipment and start a series of feints along the whole coast from Norway to Greece? Hitler would have a grave problem in trying to assemble troops at one point after another, or several simultaneously. A pretended invasion might be nearly as valuable as a real one.

To all this the official replies are several: (1) Hitler can easily detach enough men from the East to destroy any possible British expedition. (2) More important than men are tanks, heavy guns and airplanes, which the British don't possess in sufficient quantities. (3) No landing is possible without complete local mastery of the air, which is probably impossible. (4) An expedition that was instantly destroyed would not help Russia, would hurt British morale, would greatly alarm the United States and perhaps postpone the day of our coming into the war. (5) How do you know that Britain isn't secretly planning an invasion at this moment? (6) British troops in Iran are perhaps about to join the Russians in fighting for the all-important Caucasus. (7) North Africa remains a vital war area with the probability that Hitler will send some of his troops down from the Russian front for a winter campaign to seize Egypt and the Suez Canal.

As to military questions like these, amateur comment is of little value. Most laymen recognize this fact, though they may add maliciously that many wars are won by laymen who insist on actions which the military, in advance, insist are impossible.

There is one point, however, about the present British position which is disturbing many Americans, and it is time to speak of it frankly. There are in the British Cabinet or in affiliated high posts at the present time several men who have a record of many years' bitter hostility to Russia. We do not impugn the motives or sincerity of these individuals, who have never made any secret of their position. They include such figures as Viscount Simon, Lord Chancellor; Sir Samuel Hoare, Ambassador to Madrid; Lieut.-Col. John T. C. Moore-Brabazon, Minister for Aircraft Production; the Rt. Hon. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of State; Captain H. D. Margesson, Secretary of State for War; Lord Woolton, Minister of Food; Sir H. Kingsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many others, including a number of additional wheelhorses of the Tory Party, in policy-making positions throughout the government, high and low. In normal times, the attitude of such men would not be so important; but obviously, with the entry of Russia into the war, its whole ideological character has changed. Some of these men patently hoped in 1939 and earlier that a German-Russian war would make a conflict in the West unnecessary. Some of them again, wanted such a struggle to end in a German victory. These men now profess to have had a change of heart and to recognize that Russia is an important ally in Britain's own struggle against the Nazis for existence. But as long as they remain in high places, many people both in Britain and America are bound to ask whether their change of heart has been as miraculous as they say; whether it would not be better to substitute for them people with a better record. It is not surprising, therefore, that there is such lack of confidence expressed in the intentions of Britain toward Russia.

The same criticism can be made of some individuals in the American government, and especially in the State Department, and we are not forgetting them, in commenting on the British situation. But the position in London is more serious just because the immediate problems are more desperate. The United States is already pledged to aid Russia to the maximum degree possible, and what remains is for us to expand many times our idea of what that maximum is.

For Britain, American aid in the war is absolutely essential. It is true that we are arming, and may soon be fighting, for self-preservation, but it is also true that many people here do not realize this, and in any case, for wholehearted effort it is of great importance that we should be sure Britain is fighting our kind of war, for our kind of purposes. Past sympathy for Russia is not of course necessarily a guarantee of devotion to democracy; but it just happens that in the British government, the men who have been most hostile to the USSR have frequently been those of whose democratic zeal there has been most question. On both sides of the Atlantic morale would be tremendously improved by a British government composed wholly of men whose past as well as their present allowed no doubt of where they stand.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION, SIX DOLLARS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

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The Crisis in Production

THE CRISIS IN PRODUCTION has come. The ever deepening contrast between what we are doing and what we must do to defeat Hitler is now expressed in a form which forces the choice to be made. On the President's desk two programs lie today. The first is our present production program. The second is the Victory Program brought back from London by representatives of our general staff, as a statement of the effort which must be made if Hitler is to be beaten. The Victory Program towers in magnitude over our actual production effort like a colossus.

For the past two years, government officials have insisted that it was senseless to appropriate sixty billion dollars over an indefinite time, for an indefinite purpose. They argued that a production program to be realistic had to be geared to a program of strategy in which the objective—the defeat of Hitler—could be outlined and the effort needed to accomplish the objective stated. Far from stating their requirements in relation to the total effort of the Allies, however, our Navy and War Departments were not prepared in 1939 and 1940 to state even their own requirements in advance of appropriations granted by Congress. The British, in 1940, gave to the American government a detailed list of requirements; but the position of the British was so desperate that the objective outlined in these requirements could not extend beyond the resistance of Britain to invasion. Only with the entrance of Russia into the war did it become possible to relate the requirements of the Allies to a program which included the defeat of the German armies.

In September, the Beaverbrook-Harriman mission in Moscow was given full details of Russia's requirements over the period of time necessary to defeat Germany. Russia's requirements from America alone consisted, it is believed, of a billion-dollar program within the immediate future, and a program of $10,000,000,000 over the next three years. Harriman and Beaverbrook jointly promised to give Russia "practically every requirement for which the Soviet military and civilian authorities have asked."

In London, the conversations between the American and British military missions were continued, with the aid of Stacy May, chief of the Bureau of Research and Statistics of the OPM. It was agreed that German strategy was to seek to drain Britain itself of supplies, in preparation for an invasion, and that this strategy had been so successful that had Hitler been able to launch his prepared invasion in September he would almost certainly have captured Britain. The British general staff prepared a detailed schedule of needs both for the defense of Britain and for a large-scale offensive in the autumn of 1943. In the light of the British and Russian requirements, it became possible for the first time to estimate the total production program necessary for victory. The program called for a further increase in British production, although Britain is already straining every nerve and her workers are on starvation allowances. America held the main reserve of energy needed to make the Victory Program real.

The men gathered in London estimated that the war effort of the New Order exceeded $50,000,000,000 a year. They concluded that for victory America should produce at least an equivalent effort. This, with Britain's additional war production of $15,000,000,000 a year, might provide, together with the remaining Russian resources, the decisive margin of superiority.

The contrast between this program and our present production is staggering. In October, 1941, we were devoting 18 percent of our total production to defense in contrast to the 50 percent called for by the Victory Program. In the fiscal year 1942 our production program calls for a defense effort of $26,000,000,000, or 25 percent of our national income. The highest estimate which has been made for 1943 on the basis of the present expansion of war plants is well below $50,000,000,000—still no more than 40 percent of an estimated national income of $125,000,000,000.

Today we are failing even to meet the $18,000,000,000 program for 1941, which was called for by the government more than a year ago. At that time we spoke of a production effort to equip, first a two-million-man and then a four-million-man army. Today we are still gearing our production for an army of 1,800,000 men. We have authorized expenditures of $66,000,000,000, of which no more than $32,000,000,000 has been obligated in contracts by the War Department. Of this, the War Department has subcontracted barely more than one percent. Sixty great firms are still handling 82 percent of our defense contracts, making a full utilization of our industrial resources impossible. If the defense program is analyzed more closely, it may be possible to show that the production of small arms and light tanks is satisfactory and that the worst bottlenecks are in explosives and anti-tank guns; but OPM officials who know the true situation insist that it is not a matter of individual items: production is poor right through.

Only if the Victory Program is now undertaken will our previous effort be of any use at all. From the President's press conference of October 29, it is evident that Mr. Roosevelt fully understands this and intends to press ahead with the Victory Program. Apparently, however, he hopes to achieve this program by a piece-

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meal revision of present production schedules. He has announced that the schedule of tank production will be doubled, and it is believed in Washington that the doubling of the heavy bomber and ordnance schedules will soon follow. But the men who have fought through the production fight in the OPM are convinced that the Victory Program cannot be achieved in the piecemeal manner. We can redouble our production schedules, but we cannot redouble production until all of American industry, not 40 percent, is mobilized for the job. The present administrators of the OPM and the War Department are simply not qualified to tackle the Victory Program in the only way it can be tackled—as an overall immediate effort. To call for a $50,000,000,000 production effort and to leave at the heart of that effort administrators who are incapable of handling a program half its size is to guarantee utter failure.

It is a tragic paradox that the general staff should be calling for a Victory Program of $50,000,000,000 a year while the War Department fumbles one of $18,000,000,000. In all phases of procurement, subcontracting and inter-allied allocations, the War Department has shown a complete lack of competence for the responsibilities which it has assumed. In lease-lend in particular, bureaucratic mismanagement within the War Department has caused delays of three and four months in supplying the requisitions of vital items to Britain and China. The situation has actually arisen in which these nations have received essential supplies only because the red tape in the War Department was so tightly wound around each division that orders from top officials countermanding previous requisitions guaranteeing delivery did not reach the operating levels in time to prevent delivery from being made.

If the general staff is to have its way in the Victory Program, it must transfer procurement to a civilian agency. Yet the men who govern the civilian agency—the OPM—have also fumbled our present program. Alfred Landon and Minority Leader Joseph Martin seek to excuse the industrialists of the OPM by declaring that the President has failed to delegate to them sufficient authority. They are horribly wrong. Almost a year ago, the President's directive creating the OPM gave it full power to bring about maximum production. The later directive, creating the SPAB, was so forceful that the SPAB immediately stated that its purpose was to obtain "production . . . to the limit of the nation's resources." A third directive, creating the Defense Contract Distribution Service, gave to this service all possible authority to enforce subcontracting. These powers have not been used.

The OPM remains in Knudsen's hands. The nation looks to Knudsen as the man responsible for obtaining maximum production. But Knudsen still regards himself as nothing but an adviser to the War Department.

The power of the SPAB was limited at once by the terms of Judge Rosenman's reorganization, which was essentially a permissive measure. Judge Rosenman believed that if raw materials were cut off from factories producing non-essential goods, the manufacturers would adapt themselves automatically to defense production and so expand output. The automobile industry has proved how incomplete his conception was.

The SPAB has shown great and welcome energy in restricting civilian production, but it has at the same time confined itself to only a part of its permitted functions under the President's directive and has concentrated upon the supply of raw materials. Here all the good that was done by the appointment of the SPAB was undone by the transfer of the procurement of raw materials to the Federal Loan Agency. In Jesse Jones, the Federal Loan Administrator, monopoly has found a champion beside whom John Biggers pales into insignificance. Jones, one month ago, drew up a contract with the Aluminum Company of America which is absolutely indefensible. He is today concluding a contract with the Bethlehem Steel Company which is reported to be even worse than the Alcoa one. Jones controls all purchases of aluminum, magnesium, copper, rubber, zinc and tin and has failed in a majority of these to provide adequate stock piles. The SPAB's attempts to overcome the shortages in aluminum and copper have been shipwrecked on the rocks of the Federal Loan Agency.

Nor has the appointment of Floyd Odlum as director of the Defense Contract Distribution Service substantially aided in spreading defense contracts. The Defense Program depends today, as it did three months ago, in Stacy May's words, "upon newly improvised factory units, the surplus energy and imagination of our finest management groups who are still occupied with their regular responsibilities, and upon labor forces recruited largely from the unemployed."

From the failure of production, all other failures arise. It is because our aircraft production is so low that our army has to take for itself the major part of new aircraft production in order to keep its own equipment at minimum required levels. Consequently the Russian armies are driven back because Britain has not the equipment with which to open a second front. Japan prevents the diversion of Russian supplies from Siberia to the western front by transferring men to Manchuria, knowing that the Chinese armies lack the ordnance to exploit the Japanese withdrawals. China, which rightly sees herself as the right flank of the World Army of the Allies, can be given only the smallest leftovers. China's contribution to the war remains unrewarded because the shortage of shipping has prevented us from building in America the vital reserves of rubber, tin and tungsten which must still pass through the guarded sea lanes near Japan. The downfall of France was caused, Pierre Cot wrote in a recent article in Foreign Affairs, because "France did not have an economic policy commensurate with her foreign

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policy." Our position today is precisely the same.

The Victory Program is the material equivalent of war. It demands the moral equivalent of war in our government and our people. To our sorrow we have found that war has no equivalents. If, lacking the equivalents, we reject the reality, our young men, fighting at odds and alone, will one day earn the homage which Pierre Cot paid to the young men of France: "Always outnumbered, with too few machines, badly equipped and badly directed, they accomplished real wonders. Their gallantry deserved a better fate."

Washington MICHAEL STRAIGHT

Call Japan's Bluff!

ONCE AGAIN Japanese politics sensitively reflects the shifting fortunes of European battlefields. The Konoye government's supersession by the Tojo Cabinet was decided not so much in Tokyo as by events on the fronts before Moscow. It moved along the mechanical groove marked out by Japan's opportunist foreign policy. Since the resignation of Hiranuma (August 28, 1939) on the eve of the European war, five governments have held the reins of power in Japan. The succession runs through Abe, Yonai, second and third Konoye to Tojo. Of these, only the Abe Cabinet was forced out of office on issues that were primarily domestic.

Japan's pronounced governmental instability during the Second World War mirrors the acute difficulties of her international position. A painful and continuous effort has been made to adjust Cabinet personnel and policy to oscillations in the balance of world power. Changes have either registered the necessity for a temporary retreat or presaged an aggressive forward move. The Abe, Yonai and third Konoye Cabinets were governments of retreat and accommodation to unfavorable circumstances; the second Konoye, like the present Tojo Cabinet, was formed in expectation of advance. During the Abe-Yonai period, which spanned the "frozen" phase of the European war, Ambassador Grew held abortive "negotiations" in Tokyo with Admiral Nomura, then Foreign Minister. Japan was carefully feeling her way, after the setbacks represented by the Soviet-German non-aggression pact and Secretary Hull's abrogation of the Japanese-American trade treaty. A more grandiose repetition of the "negotiations" technique has just occurred under Konoye's third Cabinet, with the same inconclusive result. Tokyo has been waiting to see the outcome in Russia; meanwhile, it looked with dread on the untoward emergence of an Anglo-American-Soviet coalition in the Far East.

Until Hitler's present all-out attack on Moscow, Japan has seen but one real opening for a vigorous offensive in the Far East. It came in the summer of 1940, when France had collapsed and a German invasion of England was in prospect. Yonai was swept out of office, and Konoye's second Cabinet, featuring Matsuoka as Foreign Minister, came into power. The ensuing months—July-September, 1940—marked the nadir of the democracies' prestige and authority in the Far East. From the closing of the Haiphong-Yunnan Railway and the Burma Road, Japan moved forward to an open military alliance with the Axis and the occupation of northern Indo-China. While these latter steps were being taken, in September, 1940, Hitler's air offensive over England was at its height. When the air blitz failed and invasion of Britain was thwarted, the Konoye Cabinet concurred in the verdict. Reopening of the Burma Road, in mid-October, was greeted with verbal denunciation—but nothing more—in Tokyo.

In recent weeks, Japan has restlessly awaited the approach of another opportunity. She hopes that Hitler is about to break Russian strength in Europe. If so, the time for retreat and negotiation is past. A new Cabinet, more genuinely militarist than any of the past decade, has taken control.

Will Tokyo Advance?—There has never been any solid ground for the belief that "negotiations" might exorcise the Japanese threat or wean Japan from the Axis while the issue in Europe remained in doubt. Japan's ties with the Axis are not adventitious. They rest on most pragmatic considerations. "Greater East Asia"—the sphere assigned to Japan by the Triple Alliance—must be carved from territories now held by China, Britain, Holland, the United States and the Soviet Union. The community of interests between Germany and Japan is too obvious to be missed, and to argue that they may fall out later when the spoils are won merely begs the question. Robbers may quarrel, but the sight offers merely vicarious satisfaction to the despoiled victim. Japan's accumulated investment in aggression, not least the costs of the China war, has become so great that only inordinate gains will balance her books. The term "Greater East Asia" has been coined, not as an exercise in terminological adroitness, but as a concrete expression of what Japan's aggressive leadership requires in recompense for past efforts. Only in thorough coöperation with German aggression in Europe can this objective be achieved.

Obvious as these facts would seem to be, it has been most extraordinarily difficult for them to win unconditional acceptance. Every appearance of "moderation" in Tokyo has been greeted with a renewed hope that the Far Eastern crisis might be painlessly dissipated.

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(It was the last Konoye Cabinet, despite its "moderation," which moved into southern Indo-China. That it acted, very probably, on a misplaced faith in Hitler's Russian timetable, does not alter this revelation of the trustworthiness of Tokyo's "moderates.") Years of appeasement in the Far East, as in Europe, present a bill that must ultimately be paid in "blood, sweat and tears." In the world of today it is self-deception to attempt to persuade ourselves otherwise.

Every step that Japan has taken in recent years should be reckoned as proof that she will move forward in the Far East to the extreme limit of the possibilities which open before her. No actual withdrawals from vantage points gained since 1931 have been made. When forced to a temporary halt, Tokyo has merely cast about for a new chance to resume its advance. Shifts in the international situation have thus far always provided the desired opportunities. Formation of the Tojo Cabinet means that Japan has cleared the decks in preparation for another "break" in the near future.

One great difference marks off the crisis that is approaching from all those which have gone before. The prospect of "limited" forward steps by Japan has virtually disappeared. For several years she has inched forward from Canton to Hainan Island, and thence to Indo-China. Today Japan stands at the point which Germany had reached before invading Poland. If she plunges ahead, she cannot avoid a major conflict. At best, she may hope to divide her potential opponents —to take on, say, Russia alone in Siberia, or Britain and the United States in Southeast Asia. A conflict with either of these opponents would be on a scale sufficient to task Japan's strength to the utmost, while the risks of a combined Anglo-American-Soviet opposition would be overwhelming.

It must be assumed that Japan will be prepared to take great risks at the moment which she considers opportune. There is too much at stake for her to withdraw tamely from a course of aggression pursued for ten years past. Merely to pose the issue of demobilization, of bringing home the army without the fruits of victory, is sufficient to indicate the unlikelihood of such an alternative. During the summer, in fact, the contrary path has been followed. Throughout the period of the negotiations, an intensive Japanese mobilization has been quietly carried forward. Hundreds of thousands of new recruits have been called up and sent to China and Manchuria. In the economic sphere, as well as the strictly military, every effort has been made to prepare for an extension of hostilities.

Can Japan Wage War?—An additional question naturally arises, more particularly since the drain of the China war on Japan's economy has been constantly stressed. Has she the resources to engage in a new and greater conflict at this time? No quantitatively exact answer can be given. Widely varying estimates of Japan's reserve stocks of war materials have been made. Here again it is the part of caution to err on the conservative side. It can hardly be doubted that Japan disposes of sufficient war materials to wage a full-scale land and sea war for at least six months, although the duration of the period would obviously depend largely on the intensity of the struggle.

Has the effect of the war in China, then, been grossly overestimated? The answer is in the negative, but with the important qualification that until recent months Japan has traded freely with most of the outside world. In man-power and economic resources, Japan has suffered a tremendous wastage as the result of over four years of warfare in China. Her casualties, estimated at 1,500,000 men, and her war expenditure, more than twenty billion yen, are on a scale ten times that of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05. (The population and economic strength of Japan, of course, have increased greatly during the intervening generation.) Her gold reserve has disappeared. The economic pinch, expressed in rationing of foodstuffs and ordinary consumption goods as well as strategic commodities, has been far more severe than in 1904-05.

There is another side to the picture, however, which has not been sufficiently stressed. Up to the middle of 1940, Japan's foreign trade boomed. The democracies saw no need to withhold supplies from a Japan merely engaged in war with China. From 1937 to 1940 her aggregate foreign trade stood at record levels, with the "adverse" excess of imports paid for by gold—transferred at a fancy price to the Treasury at Washington. Out of this excess of imports, Japan set aside her reserve stocks of war materials. There should be no occasion for surprise that China's stubborn resistance did not prevent the accumulation of these reserve stocks for the Japanese war machine. We gave Japan plenty of advance warning—by abrogating our trade treaty in July, 1939, and not applying an embargo until two years later.

Should War Be Avoided?—In 1941-42, as the Second World War rises to its climax, we shall be reaping the consequences of our past mistakes in dealing with Japan. Provided these mistakes do not carry over into present policy, there is little reason to linger over them.

At this late hour it may still be possible to immobilize Japan. Hitler's invasion of Russia clothed with flesh and blood a spectre that has long haunted Tokyo. Since June the vision of a concerted Anglo-American-Soviet front in the Far East has been made real. It should not be allowed to fade. Diplomacy, economics and military strategy must be woven into a single pattern on the Vladivostok-Chungking-Batavia-Hawaii-Unalaska circle. If Tokyo is presented with irrefutable evidence of complete unity on this circle, it can yet be immobilized with relative ease.

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The pressure of today's necessities raises a more searching question as to Far Eastern policy. Is it enough to immobilize Japan? An armed truce contains forces on both sides. At present Japan holds idle an enormous democratic fighting force in the Pacific basin. The better part of the American fleet is at Hawaii. In Southeast Asia, there are some 2,000 first-line planes, thousands of trained troops and pilots and a considerable fleet of cruisers and destroyers. A whole Russian army, with air fleet and tanks, as well as a large flotilla of submarines, is standing by in the Soviet Far East. Years of factory production would not equal the sum total of these immobilized forces. Japan's Axis contribution is made by merely offering a constant threat.

When the concentrated forces opposing Japan are so immensely superior, should this threat be permitted to prevail? A bold policy would force a showdown with Japan at the earliest moment, by demanding a pledge of non-intervention guaranteed by extensive troop withdrawals from the Asiatic mainland. The demand would be most compelling in the form of a joint Anglo-American-Soviet démarche. If Japan chose war, the tremendous odds against her would limit the hostilities to a relatively brief period. Should the conflict last six months, a not unreasonably optimistic estimate, the spring of 1942 would see the release of large military and naval forces for action in Europe and the Atlantic. There would be some risks attached to this program. Hitler might attempt a large-scale winter campaign in the Mediterranean, or the war in the Pacific might last longer than six months. These risks, however, have to be balanced against the risk of permitting Japan to hold immense forces idle in the Pacific or choose the moment for her own blow. A rapid victory in the Far East would free the man-power and material required to turn the scales against Hitler in Europe. They can be found nowhere else for a long time to come.

T. A. BISSON

Marshall Field: The Native's Return

CRITICS OF THE DAILY PRESS have complained year in, year out, of the influence of big advertisers, department stores especially, on American newspaper policies. At the moment, however, the critics are having to take account of an exception to the old rule that department-store money makes for a reactionary press. The exception is provided by Marshall Field III, of the celebrated Chicago Fields, who is not only the principal stockholder of PM, the liberal and adless New York City daily, but is also the principal backer of a morning newspaper soon to be published in his home town.

The history of PM, together with the fact that the new Chicago paper is setting out bravely to compete with Colonel Robert R. McCormick's fearsome Tribune, has made Mr. Field a hero in the eyes of a good many Americans. Recently, much has been written about him, yet not very much is known. "Who's Who," for example, lists him as a Republican and a Catholic. Both listings, Mr. Field says, are incorrect.

Persons having legitimate business with Mr. Field can see him in his offices—there is no name on the door, and a bodyguard sits in the anteroom—in a Manhattan skyscraper. At forty-eight the third Marshall Field is not stout but solid, with a clean-shaven face and hair that is graying but still present. Of middle height, he has the quiet, assured air of a man who has recognized his obligations to society and is trying to fulfill them. With interviewers he talks easily and well and takes care to label off-the-record comments. His sense of humor is quick and sometimes he turns it slyly against himself.

There is a trace, though a faint one, of the British in his voice and appearance. He pronounces "been" as "bean," uses English public-school slang now and then, and favors double-breasted "weskits" more common in London than Chicago. He comes by his Anglicisms honestly, having been educated at Eton and Cambridge. His is not, however, the conscious Anglophilia of a Morgan. He makes light of his English education ("I just got through," he says). His presence at Eton and Cambridge was due mainly to the accident that he had a British step-father. A snap estimate of his character would credit him with much of that old-fashioned earnestness and determination which Americans associate with the German immigrants of the period of his maternal grandfather.

This grandfather was a German-born Chicago brewer whose beautiful daughter married Marshall Field II. The third Marshall Field was twelve years old and in England when his other grandfather, the founder of the house, died and left behind a 22,000-word will which tied a vast mercantile estate into many knots. That book-length document gave Marshall Field III his inheritance on the instalment plan—so much at twenty-five, at thirty, at thirty-five, forty, the rest at fifty. There are still two years to go before PM's owner comes into full control of a fortune generally estimated to be more than $100,000,000.

There is little evidence that Marshall Field III inherited ideas as well as money from the first Marshall Field. The paternal grandfather, moving west from Massachusetts before the Civil War, gave his name to the store that for three-quarters of a century has been the pride of State Street. He became the largest stockholder in the Pullman Company, a character in

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Dreiser's "Titan" and the fifth richest man in the United States. His partner, for a time, was the Levi Leiter whose daughter married Lord Curzon; his own daughter married Admiral Beatty. His economic opinions, as set forth in a pamphlet called "A Young Man and His Chances of Success," were nothing if not orthodox. It is doubtful that his grandson has used the pamphlet as his bible.

The credo of Marshall Field III, one senses, was neither handed down nor ready made. It has evolved with experience. The backer of PM and The Tribune's forthcoming rival is a man who has shown himself capable of intellectual growth. After Eton, Cambridge and service with the United States Army in France in the World War—he went in a private and came out a captain—Marshall Field led a life that seems more in keeping with his background than his present interests do. Race horses, planes and pheasants had his attention. In this period he was married and divorced twice and went in and out of the brokerage business. He has since married a third time.

Next came a period of orthodox philanthropy, in which the New York Philharmonic, the University of Chicago, the Field Museum, Chicago housing projects and child welfare in New York all benefited from Field funds, while flowers and cows from the $15,000,000 Long Island estate (Lloyd's Neck) won handsome trophies. Five English children, war refugees, are now living in the Long Island home.

Today, though still short of the age at which grandfather decided that at last he would be financially mature, Mr. Field is himself a grandfather (a son by his first marriage, Marshall Field IV, is the father of the fifth in the line). "We are not starting a dynasty," he says. He has also said, "Obviously I should pay taxes cheerfully," and he faces with equanimity a new world order in which, as he sees it, fortunes such as that which he inherited will be difficult to make and "almost impossible to pass on." Friends describe him as a man who, save in the formal sense, has acquired a deep religious feeling, and it is to this, in large part, that they ascribe the growth of his social consciousness.

Apropos the future he was recently quoted as saying that he didn't give a damn what happened to his money—a statement calculated to unnerve completely the ghost of his paternal grandfather, of whom Elihu Root once said, "Mr. Field seemed to personify the accumulation of property, and to regard accumulation for the sake of accumulation."

Although his grandson later qualified the statement regarding his indifference to wealth, he is hardly to be regarded as an accumulator in good standing. On the contrary, he is a spender who is rumored to have sunk something like $2,000,000 in PM. He acquired PM, he explains, because the other stockholders were ready to abandon that interesting experiment after ninety days of monumental losses.

The story is that he is prepared to sink an initial $5,000,000 into the Chicago paper. Around the Tribune offices there are currently dark mutterings that Mr. Field ought to be ashamed of himself, that he is establishing the paper deliberately to lose money and save himself income taxes. The Tribune crowd claims to be particularly saddened by his behavior on the ground that Mr. Field's money, if left where the government could get at it, would doubtless go to national defense. Enemies of The Tribune, who seem to be legion, retort that this is fine talk from a sheet that has embraced isolationism and fought high taxes. In any case, Mr. Field disposes of The Tribune's objections by saying that he hopes to make money, not lose it.

According to Mr. Field, the Chicago project antedated PM in his own mind. He had played with the idea of a Chicago paper for a long time, University of Chicago people and other literate citizens having discussed the need for one, and he had considered buying Mr. Hearst's old Examiner until it became apparent that there was nothing much there to buy. He also hastily and enthusiastically repudiates any suggestion that the newspaper business and the department-store business will have any connection whatsoever.

As yet the paper-in-progress lacks a name, though a $10,000 title contest, in which 9,000 entries will presumably suggest AM, is expected to remedy that deficiency next month. It is not known, either, what copies will sell for. Certain other details have yet to be disclosed, but the main outlines are becoming clear. Plans so far announced add up to the fact that it will be a morning paper—Chicago's first and only morning paper, in the view of people who don't like The Tribune; that, like PM, it will be interventionist—sympathetic to the New Deal on both the home and foreign fronts; that, unlike PM, it will take advertising. The title and duties of publisher will go to Silliman Evans, who will continue to get out his own liberal Nashville Tennesseean. The new paper will make use of the composing and press rooms of Secretary Knox's afternoon Daily News. It will thus, unlike PM, be

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full-size, and its contents are also expected to be more conventional than the New York tabloid's.

Some cynical persons think that Mr. Field will have full need of that initial stake of $5,000,000. They point out that The Tribune, with its morning monopoly, has made big money and entrenched itself as a two-cent paper with well over a million readers. On the other hand, Mr. Field should be able to count on the pro-administration, pro-intervention, pro-labor forces of Chicago. In Mr. Evans, Texas-born and a good friend of Jesse Jones, he has a publisher experienced in handling both news and editorials from the liberal point of view.

In the PM office, where Mr. Field is characterized by some employees as the perfect boss with a special interest in the welfare of his employees, including the "little fellows," they say he doesn't interfere with the paper, and presumably he will give his Chicago staff a similarly free hand. If previous history means anything, the Field tendency is to trust to expert business analysis; the Chicago reading public has already been questioned and surveyed, as New York readers were when PM began. So far, the surveys seem to show that people buy The Tribune but don't, consciously, read it.

If the Chicago morning-paper competition develops into a real fight, Mr. Field's ill wishers will bet on The Tribune because it was there first, because its newsprint sources and distribution facilities are hard to equal and because its income, if you add the profits of the allied Daily News in New York, compares favorably with the income Mr. Field derives from his store. Just now cautious observers are laying no bets.

Progressive Americans, however, are lining up on Mr. Field's side. It is not only that The Tribune has as bad a name for reaction as any newspaper in the country; it is also that Mr. Field, who must take a certain sentimental pleasure in starting a new venture in his old home town, has shown that he is eager to try to restore some of the lost prestige of the press and actually looks upon publishing as first of all a public service. No one except his rivals questions his motives —he seems, for example, to have no wish to run for office—and that, in the newspaper game, is saying a good deal. His first venture, PM, may not have been a commercial success, but its failure to date is not attributable to irresponsibility on its owner's part or to any lack of good will.

If the Chicago paper is a financial success, it will do more to change the attitude of American publishing than a dozen gallant attempts requiring the sort of support now given by rich patrons to orchestras and opera. Before success can come, there must be a great gamble; the stakes are higher than many publishers could ever hope to afford. But in the end the requirement will be not only money but staying power. That, in a quiet way, Mr. Field seems to have. In his dog-raising days he bred retrievers.

WILLSON WHITMAN

War Profits

II. *The Case of the Railroads*

THE RAILROADS of the United States are now making more money than they have made in any year since 1929. Their 1942 profits will, in all probability, be much greater than their profits for 1941. Because of their tremendous capital investment—their stocks and bonds have a par value of nearly eighteen billion dollars—they are virtually immune from the excess-profits tax. Taking one thing with another, it might appear that the railroad operator should be the happiest industrialist in the entire industrial world.

But into each life some rain must fall, and the railroads are currently threatened with a deluge. The railroad workers—approximately a million men—have demanded a wage increase of between eight and nine hundred million dollars a year. The present payroll is a little more than two billion dollars a year. It would be not much less than three billions if the demands of the Railroad Brotherhoods were granted. Even at a high estimate of what the roads may make in 1941 and a low estimate of what the proposed wage scales may cost, the annual increase in wages would be almost one hundred million dollars more than the probable 1941 net. At the railroads' estimate of the two figures, the additional payroll would be $375,000,000 more than expected 1941 earnings. So the railroad operator looks on existence with a jaundiced eye and thinks himself the object of a salary grab. Certainly no corporation with full control of its wages would consider making such wage concessions as the Brotherhoods now seek.

The dispute between the operators and the Brotherhoods has already passed the point at which strike votes are taken and passed. But although a rail strike has been voted, it cannot go into effect until an Emergency Board, appointed by President Roosevelt, has finished its hearings and made its report, early in November. The members of the board are Wayne L. Morse, Oregon University Law School; Thomas R. Powell, Harvard Law School; Huston T. Thompson, formerly of the Federal Trade Commission; Joseph H. Willits of the Rockefeller Foundation; James C. Bonbright

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of Columbia University. Decisions of the board are not legally binding. But neither the roads nor the Brotherhoods are likely to defy its rulings. In financial circles, it is generally believed that the board will grant part, but not a very large part, of the suggested wage increases. So the operator, although he does not expect to lose all his wartime profits, is looking forward to a payroll which will cost him possibly two hundred million dollars more per year than he is paying at prevailing rates. Any increase granted will be retroactive to July 1, 1941.

The testimony at the board hearings indicates that the rail unions are asking for much more than they expect to get or than the railroads can reasonably be expected to give them. There are fourteen Brotherhoods, of which nine are made up of non-operating and five of operating men. (Non-operators include railway clerks, freight handlers, station employees and other railroad workers who do not travel with the trains. Operating men include engineers, conductors, brakemen and the other workers who keep the trains moving.) The non-operating Brotherhoods want a minimum hourly wage-rate of 70 cents an hour (the minimum is now 36 cents an hour), along with overall hourly pay increases which apparently[1] average about 30 cents an hour. At the Brotherhoods' estimate, the non-operating payroll will be increased by about six hundred million dollars a year. The operating Brotherhoods want a flat 30-percent pay increase, which they estimate as costing the carriers about two hundred million dollars a year. As the percentage increase for non-operating men is much greater than the percentage increase for operating men, and as the non-operating men are considerably more numerous, the overall percentage increase is almost 40 percent of the current pay. The inference is that the Brotherhoods are asking for the moon with a fence around it, and presumably might reconcile themselves to accepting merely the fence.

It may be good technique to adopt an extreme position for trading purposes. But in testifying before the board, the Brotherhood spokesmen have necessarily had to defend their full demands. They have often presented questionable arguments, supported by peculiar statistics.

For example, the Brotherhoods object to the usual method of calculating the number of railroad employees and their average income per year. The railroad-worker census is commonly taken on what is called the "middle of the month" count. The average monthly employment is assumed to be the number of men working on or about the fifteenth of the month. The sum of the twelve monthly figures is divided by twelve to give the average annual employment. By this process, the railroads are said to have employed 1,026,000 men in 1940. As the 1940 payroll was $1,964,000,000, the average wage was $1,913 a year, or $36.79 a week.[1] But one of the Brotherhood leaders claims that the roads employed 1,376,000 men and paid them an average of $1,320 a year, or $25.40 a week.

The explanation appears to be that the Brotherhood man is counting everybody who drew pay from the railroads during the year, and averaging everybody in as a regular or full-time employee. Railroad employment is usually steady but there are many workers whose tenure as railroad employees is extremely brief. According to the Railroad Retirement Board, there were 102,000 men who worked on the railroads during only one month of 1940, as well as 129,000 men who drew not more than $50 of railroad pay during the entire year.

On the middle-of-the-month count, the man who worked in only one month of the year would be figured as, so to speak, one-twelfth of a man and his small compensation would not unduly depress the general wage average. No method of averaging a fluctuating employment is unqualifiedly accurate, but the mid-month system seems much more reasonable than a system which classes casual labor as full-time employment. Furthermore, the middle-of-the-month count has been used by the Interstate Commerce Commission for many years and is not a device which the railroads have invented to exaggerate compensation figures.

Other aspects of the Brotherhoods' case are also open to criticism. One Brotherhood spokesman argued that "from the standpoint of labor," the railroad profit is the net operating income and not, as is commonly supposed, the net income. In 1940 the roads had a net operating income of $682,000,000, but a net income of only $189,000,000. The gap between the two figures is considerable. Most of the difference comes in the payment of bond-interest, a non-operating expense which amounts to about five hundred and forty million dollars a year. Bondholders are much more likely to be banks and life-insurance companies than widows and orphans. Nevertheless, a railroad must either pay its bond interest or go into a receivership. The Brotherhoods should remember that a receiver is a difficult person to get any wage increases out of. A stockholder is, at least technically, a partner in a corporate enterprise. A bondholder is a creditor. The distinction, although vitally important, is one which labor leaders commonly do not recognize.

But suppose we discuss not a *40-percent* pay increase,

[1] There are seventy-nine classifications of workers in the non-operating Brotherhoods and no one has put forward an accepted figure for their average hourly pay. The rates range from 36 cents an hour to $1.15 an hour, with the average probably between 55 and 60 cents. But a considerable group of non-operating workers, now earning in the neighborhood of 40 cents an hour, are asking 70 cents; hence the common—but oversimplified—statement that the non-operating Brotherhoods want a 30-cent-an-hour raise.

[1] This figure includes executive salaries. The roads say, however, that the present controversy involves 950,000 men who average $35 a week.

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but *a* pay increase. Here we have a horse of a more genuine color. The operating men, topped by engineers at $3,300 a year, average (according to carriers' figures) $50 a week. The non-operating men, however, are in an altogether different wage category. The railroads say that these men average $25 a week, but some of them make only 36 cents an hour and there are many more at or around the 40-cent-an-hour mark. These hourly rates, on a forty-eight-hour-week basis, work out at $17.28 a week and at $19.20 a week. Current railroad prosperity is certainly extensive enough to afford a substantial increase in the pay of men who are now making less than a thousand dollars a year. And such men—along with their families—can hardly stretch their 1940 incomes to cover the cost of living in 1941 and the presumably higher cost of living in 1942.

The railroads could establish a non-operating minimum wage of $25 a week and an average non-operating wage of $30 a week at a cost of not more than $175,000,000. This amount would be about one-fifth of what the Brotherhoods are now demanding and less than one-tenth of the 1941 payroll. It would be about one-third of the railroads' 1941 net income, at the roads' conservative estimate of $525,000,000 for the year. And the roads will almost certainly make a great deal more than $525,000,000 during the twelve months between July 1, 1941, and July 1, 1942; that is, during the first twelve months in which any new wages will take effect.[1] A large part of the roads' present earnings are strictly of wartime origin, and even in 1940 the roads showed a deficit for the first six months of the year. The railroads can, and undoubtedly should, share with the workers in cutting the defense-program melon.

Whether the railroads can pay respectable wages to their low-income non-operating men and, at the same time, give large increases to the high-income non-operating men and to the operating men as well, is a problem which only the Emergency Board can decide. If the board feels that it has to give everybody something, it may not be able to give anybody very much. If it makes up its mind to disregard blanket increases and to spend the railroads' money where the railroads' money will do the most good, it can make a real improvement in the living standards of the low-paid, non-operating men and perhaps have enough left to soothe the injured feelings of those railroad workers who are already in or near the top brackets of railroad pay.

From a relatively long-term standpoint, the position of the railroads is complicated by the extremely abnormal character of their recent and present profits. The last good railroad year before 1941 was 1930. That year the roads made $587,000,000 (which, to be sure, was considered very bad, *in 1930*). In the remaining nine years of the nineteen-thirties, the roads made money in five years and lost money in four. They made $499,000,000 in the five profit-years and lost $285,000,000 in the four deficit years—a truly dismal return on $18,000,000,000 worth of stocks and bonds.

Even the 1936-40 recovery did not much benefit the carriers. In 1940, the top industrial earners were back to their 1926 profit-level. But the railroads, which had made $809,000,000 in 1926 made only $189,000,000 in 1940. And a few consistent profit-makers turned in nearly all the recent net. While all the railroads were making about $300,000,000 in 1939 and 1940 together, the Norfolk and Western alone made $31,000,000 in 1939 and $32,000,000 in 1940, or a little more than one-fifth of the industry's total for the two years. At the beginning of 1941, there were 102 roads, operating one-third of the total trackage, which were in receiverships or bankruptcies.

The railroad man sees no good reason for splitting his war-profits with his workers. The roads did suggest a six-percent "cost-of-living" pay increase, to be revoked when the cost of living subsided, but to this proposition the Brotherhoods turned an uplifted nose. The railroad man admits that he may do well in an "emergency." But he thinks that, when "normal" conditions return, it will be a wise bond that knows that its redeemer liveth. So he would like to hang on to his current profits in the expectation of lean years yet to come. The railroad operator wants to make hay while the sun shines. But the railroad workers, oddly enough, have been smitten with precisely the same idea.

E. D. KENNEDY

[1] The roads expect to clear about sixty million dollars a month in the second half of 1941 and defense (or all-out-war) traffic ought to keep them running at close to capacity in 1942. Their second-half 1941 earnings should be at the rate of $720,000,000 per full year.

Poem in Summer

The long days go on,
Keeping the path of the silent sun
Rigidly; and time resumes
With summer again the quota of filled tombs.

Winter has managed well
This year, on regular round to swell
The register of dead laid down;
Now summer comes, with boast of tall grass mown.

And on and on the tale
Of death goes, and to live grows stale,
And even lovers wish the heart
Stilled, and from closeness lean away and part.

And the long days drag past;
Even out of season, life at last
Must win—But who is left to care?
Look—the million-millions waiting there!

VALENTINE ACKLAND

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Washington Notes

Lewis the Dictator

THE MAGNIFICENT MEGALOMANIA of John L. Lewis has reached its apogee. Standing alone, except for the loyalties he can buy with patronage or command with bluster, he continues to play the isolationist and obstructionist game in a labor movement that has at last perceived the meaning of the fight for freedom now going on in Europe, Asia and Africa. The National Mediation Board gave Lewis his chance to get out of the way of the parade when it proposed that he and Myron Taylor serve as co-leaders of a special mediation board for settlement of the captive-mine dispute. He consented to meet with Taylor but firmly refused to keep his miners on the job while the negotiations proceeded. His reason for the refusal was that Sidney Hillman had conceived the settlement formula proposed by the board. This formula was, in fact, the work of Chairman William Davis and would almost certainly have achieved the closed shop the miners wanted. This didn't suit Lewis. He had to get it by his own grandstand play.

Less than a week before the President personally appealed to Lewis to keep his miners at work digging coal for the mills which pour out the steel necessary for tanks and guns to fight Hitler, Lewis had met with Philip Murray in Atlantic City. It is known that at this meeting Lewis served notice on Murray that, so far as the leadership of the UMW was concerned, the rear-guard action against Roosevelt, Hillman and the cause they now stand for would continue. Murray would come along on that basis or else. Murray would not come along. Sick as he was, he returned to Pittsburgh to lay plans for a campaign to put the CIO firmly behind the administration's foreign policy at the Detroit convention in November.

Back in Washington, Lewis made his own preparations for the Detroit convention. First of all, he built up the Currier case as a major convention issue. This was to be made the foundation for his charge that Hillman has betrayed the CIO. Second, he sent out warnings to UMW and CIO payrollees that John L. Lewis was still presiding at the fleshpots. Third, he stepped up the organizing campaign of Local 50 of the UMW, which, under the direction of his daughter Kathryn, is reaching out for chemical workers, who have become key people in defense production. In this effort, small attention is paid to jurisdictional lines. Even such CIO unions as the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers have found their territory raided by Lewis' organizers.

What would come out of all this by the time the delegates got down to business in Detroit was not clear. By the time the Truman Committee of the Senate had completed a week of hearings on the Currier case, it had become apparent that this one was a boomerang. In the midst of the committee's proceedings, the CIO Industrial Council of Detroit and Wayne County adopted a resolution denouncing A. D. Lewis, John's unsubtle brother, and the Construction Workers' Organizing Committee he heads, for raiding AFL building-trades unions in the Detroit area. This was countered with telegrams from Harry Bridges and R. J. Thomas backing up the CWOC. But there was no answer to the arrest in Detroit of Frank Delia, a paroled hold-up man, and three other shady characters on charges of felonious assault and carrying concealed weapons while engaged in "organizing" work for A. D. Lewis. Nor was there any answer to the testimony of Richard Gray, acting president of the AFL Building Trades Department, that the CWOC had taken over a company union in the Currier plant, given it a sweetheart contract and thus made possible the low bid for construction of defense housing which Hillman turned down.

To be sure, Committee Chairman Truman said he saw no legal way for the government to avoid award of the contract to the Currier company and Senator Brewster of Maine stoutly defended the CWOC position at the hearing. But they lost some of their enthusiasm when it developed that strong AFL unions in their states didn't agree. Brewster had taken to absenting himself from the committeeroom by the time Gray testified. In spite of Truman's conclusion, Hillman showed no signs of relenting and it remained doubtful whether Currier would build any government housing. The facts that stood out were that A. D. Lewis had violated the CIO rules against stooging for anti-labor employers and hiring thugs.

Indictment of George Hill, Representative Hamilton Fish's secretary, for "corrupt perjury" by the grand jury investigating foreign propaganda has raised the question of Fish's own part in the operations of George Sylvester Viereck's propaganda mill. Hill was indicted on two counts: for telling the grand jury he had nothing to do with the snatching of mailbags full of franked mail from the office of one of Viereck's organizations and for denying that he frequently met with Viereck in the office of the late Senator Lundeen of Minnesota. Hill also told the grand jury the unlikely story that in the last five months he had received $12,000 from members of Congress and unknown persons who left money on his desk for some reason that he never had understood. The Dies Committee, if it would, could shed considerable light on the mystery. It has in its files communications showing that Fish moved heaven and earth to prevent the committee from questioning Viereck in 1938, before Fish went to Europe and offered himself as a mediator between Germany and Britain.

John Carmody, forthright administrator of the Federal Works Agency, had the satisfaction of telling some of the dollar-a-year men what he thought of their contribution to national defense before leaving for Puerto Rico to do something about his failing health. The occasion was a meeting of the Society for Advancement of Management at the Cosmos Club. Wayne Coy, one of the President's chief assistants, had been the principal speaker. Rising to elaborate on points previously made by Coy, Carmody allowed that what the country needed was fewer lawyers who come to Washington, learn the ropes and then return to private industry to cash in. He pointed to Blackwell Smith, New York lawyer, former NRA official, now with the OPM, as a shining example. Smith, who was present, replied only that the money he made out of his NRA experience had "gone with the wind."

Washington T. R. B.

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Air, Land and Sea

"TARGET FOR TONIGHT," made by an English film unit with the coöperation of the RAF, gives vivid reality to what we have heard and read of the activities of the Bomber Command. It gives in natural sequence the story of a night raid from the first discovery of the objective to the flight itself and the return of the last plane. At the start there is either too much talk or too little, depending on whether you can follow the few technicalities involved, but it is fascinating stuff and you are under way soon enough.

A formerly unimportant town has been quietly changed into an oil dump, and one of the reconnaissance planes has brought back a picture to prove it. Over this photograph, blown up or projected on a screen, the Command lays its plans for a massed raid. The pilots are lectured on what to do—landmarks, distances, the target, the angle of approach, the height and length of the run. The men test the planes and take their places, fantastic shapes in their full flying rig; the control talks them off the ground, letter by letter (our plane is F for Freddie), and the times are chalked in on the dispatch board. It is routine and shown as such.

Most of the excitement comes as the plane we are in picks the objective from the light of the river, wheels to make a proper run, and comes in through the terrifying and beautiful patterns of anti-aircraft fire, the plane conned by the Scotsman at the bombsight. The bomb doors are open, they are steady on, the man pulls the trigger and that's that (a direct hit with the last stick: we go to a stock shot of gun crews on the ground, the bombs exploding in the darkness.)

The thing is made with just that statement of fact, the voices low. These men, it is advertised, are the actual men who do the work, but even so they must have been picked shrewdly, for there is no camera shyness or any of the stiff embarrassment which is the disease of the amateur. Through the "reënactment" there were intercut many actual service shots, taken in the line of duty. As a factual story it is a good job and straightforward, and if your imagination can get off the ground at all you will have been a place you never were, in the sky over there.

As a play, "Ladies in Retirement" was good tense hokum, direct and dark, with flashes all through of dramatic invention. As a movie, in spite of all the care put into it, the original hokum shows more bare and the devices no longer overlap in their surprise because they were made for the stage and not the stern, exact eye of the turning camera. The story is one of a lonely house and two mad sisters for whom a foolish old woman is murdered. It is a good story still. But it has become by now a little self-conscious, through laxity or incompetence on the part of the director, through overexertion on the part of the actors—and through the fact mentioned before: the camera never sleeps though theatre audiences may.

As for effects, I am inclined to think that where the cameraman had a chance, he did all right. But the outdoor sets are phony and the fog might just as well have been backed in on a truck. It is a key to the whole performance: they are working with the more delicate processes of the aberrant mind and dressing the set for "Dracula." Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett as the two weird sisters are so strenuous and stagey as not to deserve much sympathy. And they aren't psychopathic studies either: just nervous actors. Thus it seems less and less credible that anything that happens in the story has any need to. In the same way Louis Hayward has been allowed to read the sure-of-himself part as too sure altogether, and I think a librarian could rope him. The only sympathetic character is Isobel Elsom, and as the fancy dame on a pension she is naturally the one they have to brick up in the wall. Ida Lupino as the sane and desperate sister is possibly younger than she should be, but that is the only fault you can attribute to her. She is worth the picture, and even if it fails she must from now on be cast as she should be, as an actor with both imagination and command. Given what she was given, she made the best of it, the very best, and she is clearly on her way.

OTIS FERGUSON

On the Sea: Frank Lloyd directed "Mutiny on the Bounty" in 1937; it was a sea picture and a corker. He is also responsible for "This Woman Is Mine"; it is a sea picture but there the resemblance stops. Franchot Tone, Carol Bruce and Walter Brennan obediently carry out directions in a story of an early nineteenth-century fur-trading expedition around the Horn to Oregon. There is incidental romance and a honey of an Indian battle at the end. But it is hard to explain the curiously static quality in a so-called action picture and the complete failure even to suggest life at sea or the dangers of such a voyage.

In the Air: The biggest publicity splurge in months was put on for "A Yank in the RAF," with its promise of magnificent Dunkirk scenes. That whole sequence is a disappointment: there are a few Spitfire-Messerschmitt dogfights over the beach at Dunkirk, a few shots of the men struggling in the water, dodging German fire while clambering into small boats at the water's edge and then a cut to newsreel shots of the men disembarking in England. Probably it would have been adequate but for the advance publicity which guaranteed exciting, authentic shots of that terrible, heroic time. Aside from one other air sequence—a night flight to drop leaflets over Berlin, with the brilliant searchlights playing on the bombers and anti-aircraft fire exploding about them—there is only a stock romance between Betty Grable and Tyrone Power, and some pretty good comedy relief by Reginald Gardiner. It's hard to say how this picture would have fared if it had arrived unheralded, or how many average pictures get bad reviews because of overenthusiastic advertising copy.

On Land (but only to round out the phrase): Although the individual dance and music numbers in "Lady Be Good" are excellent, an attempt to get away from the hackneyed musical-comedy plot by making use of a complicated flash-back device slows up the pace intolerably and results in overlength and awkward, artificial continuity. Nothing of Gershwin's original production (except two songs: Lady Be Good and Fascinatin' Rhythm) remains in a story of the marital ups and downs of a song-writing team (Ann Sothern and Robert Young). Eleanor Powell and the Berry Brothers are there for dancing and Red Skelton for some pretty feeble comedy. The only other kick is an endless montage sequence (the longest since "The Castles") used to show how "Lady Be Good" swept the country.

MURIEL BURNS

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A Communication

One-fourth of Our Land Is Sick

SIR: One-fourth of the land area of the United States is now in the "rural problem area" class, mostly because of the depletion of the forests through overcutting, fire, insects or disease. Most of our worst "rural problem areas" are in our forest regions. These are regions of run-down farms, dilapidated farm buildings, ghost towns and dying towns—regions suffering the social and economic decay which almost invariably follows the destruction of the forests. Here the farmers, who cling last to the land, grow annually poorer as their soil is washed away by erosion after the cutting out of the woods, as the communities where they could once sell produce die out and the forests where they once found off-season or winter employment disappear.

Glaring examples of these rural slum regions are to be found in the southern portions of the three rich central states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The lake states of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have 50,000,000 acres of such "cut-overs." You can find the same thing all up and down the Atlantic seaboard and over large areas in the South. In the Far West, where the last great stands of virgin forest are being cut into, there are already substantial beginnings of the same economic and social paralysis.

I am convinced, as a forest officer of thirty-five years' experience, that this sick one-fourth of our land will remain in the problem-area class until the forests are restored.

Though "cut out and get out" exploitation of the forests has gone on for nearly four hundred years in this country, it was the 1929 depression that brought fully into the open the tragic social and economic aftermath of forest destruction. During the depression, it was in the cut-over regions that the greatest destitution, the most extensive rural unemployment, the lowest rural income and the largest relief rolls were to be found. Here too were to be found most of our bankrupt units of local government.

Current demand for forest products promises to raise the timber cut in this country near the record high of thirty-five years ago. Unless something is done about it the war aftermath will find areas in a sad economic state. If poverty, unemployment, relief needs and community bangruptcy reached record proportions in these regions in the period of adjustment after the First World War, what are they likely to be in the adjustment period that must follow the present war? And what are they likely to cost the nation?

Now, the "something" that can be done to meet this prospective trouble brings up particularly interesting and provocative considerations. Not the least of these is the fact that with properly controlled cutting and forest practices the present national-defense demand could be made an instrument for improving, actually, the condition of the forests. Could, in other words, put them in better shape to provide employment, wages and community markets vital to the economic and social life of the forest regions. Another of these considerations is the old conflict between the public and the private interest in the still predominantly private-owned forest resources.

Look briefly at any forest resources. About three-fourths of the forest land capable of producing commercial timber crops, and two-thirds of that having an important influence on watershed protection, are in private ownership. More than 95 percent of the cut of forest products today comes from these privately owned forests, with the remaining 5 percent coming from the publicly owned forests, national, state and community. Abuse and neglect have been concentrated on the forest lands in private hands.

There are left in the United States today some 1,750,000,000,000 board feet of saw-timber. Three-fourths of this high-grade material is all that remains of the original timber; the other one-fourth is in second-growth forests. The significance of these facts is that under the unsettled and unsatisfactory policy governing forests in this country up to now—principally private ownership with government research—we have produced only a fraction of the new forests necessary to replace those wiped out.

One-third of the saw-timber grows in an area approximately one hundred miles wide and four hundred and fifty miles long in the states of Washington and Oregon, while in all the forest lands east of the Great Plains—nearly all of which have been cut over—there is only another third. The second-growth forests are being cut or destroyed about as fast as they grow, and the old-growth forests are being cut into rapaciously. There is now an area of nearly eighty million acres of forest land, ravaged by cutting and fire, whereon new growth is wholly lacking, or so poor that this entire acreage can be classed as idle. There are still nearly one hundred and fifty million acres of private forests with no fire protection whatever.

The time is here when the economic and social welfare of the nation demands a new forest policy. The anachronistic doctrine that private ownership, private initiative and enlightened self-interest will best conserve and protect public as well as private interest clearly has failed.

Long study and experimentation on the part of the United States Forest Service boils down to the conviction that it is necessary to have: (1) public recognition of forest practices on privately owned lands, and (2) a greatly increased scale of public ownership, with the federal government playing a directing and controlling role in the whole new scheme of things. In the beginning, public regulation should simply prescribe a floor for cutting practices, adapted to local conditions, designed to stop further destruction and deterioration of the forests, and to keep them reasonably productive. It should be nationwide, shaped with the understanding that it must be enforceable, and be safeguarded equally against arbitrary bureaucratic handling and against seizure by the interests to be regulated.

Public purchase of submarginal forest land and forest lands on which private owners cannot or will not protect watershed, social or other public values, is a necessary corollary to public regulation. So is greater public aid to private owners in protection of their forests against fire, insects and disease, in more reasonable taxation, in research, in forest credits and in the development of better production and marketing techniques, particularly among farmers and other small woodland owners.

EARLE H. CLAPP,
Acting Chief, United States Forest Service
Washington, D. C.

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The Bandwagon

"The number of high-quality births in this war must not drop below the normal peace figures," it [an article in Schwarze Korps] says. "A girl evading her highest duty is a traitor, just like a soldier deserting his flag.

"S. S. men! Show you are ready not only to give your life for your country but ready to present her with a new life before you go to your death." – *From The New York Times.*

Also staying on the estate [of Queen Wilhelmina], it was revealed, is the queen's son-in-law, Prince Bernhard, who since June often had to drive his own car because there was no second chauffeur available. – *From The Chicago Tribune.*

Yoicks!

Mrs. La Roche and the two children, Shaun, aged 4, and Rosalind, just 2, depart for "the big little house" in Palm Beach at the end of January to soak in the sun until May. The Fairfield [Conn.] house, where they spend madly sociable weekends so that Chet can indulge in his favorite sport, hunting, is remodeled Colonial dating back to 1750. "The gray terrace furniture is planned and dyed to match the garden wall. Sounds mad, but is marvelous." The pool or play house is miniature Williamsburg. . . . Evidence of Mrs. La Roche's two hobbies are masses of white coral everywhere and, in the Victorian drawing room, tables covered with collections of miniature furniture. "It is so amusing to spread bric-a-brac before a booted huntsman of a husband." – *From an interview with Mrs. Chester J. La Roche by Patricia Coffin in The New York World-Telegram.*

And Wally-Ho!

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor are expected to attend the Essex Fox Hounds race meeting Saturday, so something had to be done about a certain five-year-old bay mare. The mare is not much of a jumper, her form on a flat course is uncertain, and her name was Royal Wally. Today her owner Thomas Tully announced that Royal Wally's name has been changed to Glendale. – *From The New York Post.*

Better Luck Next Time

Mrs. Rena Mattox, 40, was convicted of killing a passing pedestrian with a shot intended for her husband, Lexington Police Lieut. Clyde Mattox, and was sentenced to thirty days in jail and a $50 fine. – *From The Louisville Times.*

Total-War Department

To keep up morale, ice-cream cars, kept at a temperature of 16 degrees below zero by dry ice, have been given priorities over the movement of army tanks, trucks and guns. – *From a story on the army maneuvers in North Carolina, printed in The Christian Science Monitor.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Prefabricated Houses

SIR: The denial of the bid of the Currier Lumber Company on 300 defense houses in the Detroit area by the Federal Works Agency—a bid lower by nearly one-third than the next lowest—is typical of the attempt of the present administration to run in opposite directions at the same time. Everywhere this Currier contract is being explained merely as a dispute between AFL and CIO rival building-trades unions. But there is an ingredient everyone is missing and which my ten years' experience with resistance to prefabrication makes it easy to understand.

Americans can be grouped into two camps: (a) those who want to give the least for the most; (b) those aiming at obtaining the most for the least: (1) the consumer, (2) the production engineer, (3) the speed-up mechanic. In the Currier dispute, we see American investment bankers and AFL craft unions in the (a) camp; industrial designers, CIO industrial unions and the low-income defense consumer in the (b) camp.

At the time of the banking holiday, investment bankers faced general ruin in the shrinkage in value of mortgage paper on land improvements. They induced Senator Wagner to get insurance executives, architects, social workers and craft unions behind legislation for a program of public housing and public works with public stress on giving employment to the idle—but fundamentally to revive confidence in bankers' frozen assets. Senator Wagner's bill *originally* contained provision for the stimulation of experimental research for better and cheaper forms of construction. But the AFL and the bankers both joined in seeing to it that this clause was quietly sunk, and the effect has been to regiment design and stimulate types of construction requiring maximum outlay for minimum results.

Behind this supposed fear of administration executives that awarding the Currier contract will precipitate war between the two rival unions to the harm of the defense program, the big force is the power of big investors, landowners, etc., who don't want any kind of construction stimulated that will shrink the value of their existing investments by one-third, which prefabrication now threatens to do. But progress in an industrial economy must be accomplished by way of bettering quality and lowering costs, since this broadens consumer demand (effective demand) at the base. It is not fear of union war that is holding up the Currier contract primarily. This fear makes an excellent smokescreen to hide the attempt of the most backward elements in American industrial life foolishly to prevent progress in the attempt to protect investments made in a previous generation—and the deeper Uncle Sam wades into the finance racket, the more Washington itself will be forced to fight progress to protect its own investments. The Currier contract should be granted immediately and this first step made toward progress in an industry so backward that it would be flat on its back but for federal subsidies, made-work and mortgage guarantees.

Flint, Mich. CORWIN WILLSON

Music: The Winter of Discontent

SIR: It is not likely that any of the five or six directors of our major symphony orchestras take and read The New Republic. It is, however, certain that 90 if not 100 percent of the faithful readers of this journal attend symphony concerts or tune in the available symphonic programs.

Now, the concert-goers and listeners have a serious grievance which should be lodged at this time—the opening of a new

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and long musical season. Of course concert-goers are timid and humble, and seldom venture to criticize the august conductors. Still, if dissatisfaction with conductors' policies were expressed in influential journals, some needed reforms might be vouchsafed to us.

The blunt truth is, the programs of our great orchestras are hackneyed, conventional, often tedious. Much excellent music, old and new, is neglected, either because the box office insists on sure-fire fare or else because the conductors lack imagination, boldness and originality.

Why not more of Purcell, Bach, Bruckner, Mahler, Shostakovich, Miaskovsky, Berg, Reger, Roussel, Vaughn Williams, Elgar?

People enjoy familiar music, it is true, but too much familiarity breeds indifference and dislike. Music can become a bore. Vitality, freshness, novelty and surprise are among the conditions of a truly successful musical season.

La Jolla, Calif. VICTOR YARROS

Protest

SIR: When I read words like these in William McFee's letter (The New Republic, October 6), ". . . the Germans are essentially insulated from other nations' '*Geist*.' They always were and they always will be. . . . They are a servant race. . . . Let us hope that this is remembered when the peace terms are dictated"—when I read such words my heart quails more than at all the other sounds of fury and ruin which confront us.

I must protest not only because "*the* German race" (however Hitler may scream the contrary) is as great an anachronism today as "*the* Jewish race" or "*the* American race." And not only because the idea of "servants" as beings so predestined is equally outmoded. But because such remarks, especially from persons with a "public," rend and mar the whole tissue of a world economy which man's conquest of time and space is weaving—weaving into the first real, firm-threaded pattern of mutual relationship that mankind as such has ever known. No people can be called "a servant race." Helot or slave, indentured or underprivileged, the status is transitory. Crichton was, before the shipwreck, a "born servant."

A. R. BECK

Berkeley, Calif.

Army Morale

SIR: You are worried about the morale of the American army (The New Republic, September 29), and in order to bring it up to fighting trim, you put forward a plan involving talks to the men of the army by college professors and well dressed newspaper correspondents. You are here expressing the narrow view of our professional classes, whose notion of all life is a succession of classrooms where they learn their trades and then a succession of consulting offices where they dispense their services for a fee.

I believe that no common man worries much about the quality or truth of the goal he is asked to fight for, that such a goal always has a personal aspect to him. He will fight for increased prestige or cash in the future. Hence if promotion from rank to rank in the American army were without regard for certificates or "pull," or at least if a path around such certificates were laid out, then the morale of the individual soldier would become a positive thing indeed.

This is not a new idea; all "captains of industry" solve their problem of morale in this way—even Stalin, with his medals for Stakhanovites, etc. Maximum production is what is now wanted from the army, and rewards for hard work must be the essence of any plan that will bring it into being.

Hightstown, N. J. JEAN DANFORTH

For a New Kind of Poetry Anthology

SIR: I have just read with pleasure Mr. Cowley's admirable review of Mr. Aldington's "Viking Book of Poetry" (The New Republic, September 22) and I put it down as a must buy on my next visit to a bookshop.

I have long thought that new anthologies of poetry go over too much ground already covered in a few standard collections like "The Oxford Book of Verse" and Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." It would save time and ink to assume that every lover of verse has them at hand. A new anthology might start out as a supplement to them and omit every poem they include, though not every author.

Nothing would be more welcome than just such a supplement to the "Viking Book" as Mr. Cowley could make. Why not? Let him include the Alice verse, which is classic and continually being quoted, and much nonsense and popular poetry such as Stephen Foster's, which is valid; besides as much living verse as is offered by Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. . . . It would be a grand book.

Santa Barbara, Calif. SAMUEL M. ILSLEY

Radio Advertising

SIR: The contribution by Jesse Rainsford Sprague ["Slaughter, Sponsored by—," The New Republic, October 6] would have been much more to the point if he had come out strongly in favor of government ownership and operation of radio stations and the elimination of all commercial advertising. Since apparently he is willing to continue radio stations as a part of the capitalistic economy, why does he forget that commercial sponsorship makes possible more and better foreign news broadcasts than we would have if the networks were unable to get back any of the money—and it is a tremendous amount of money—which they pay out to their capable foreign observers and domestic commentators, plus what they spend with news-gathering organizations and for telephone and cable tolls.

As we are operating radio under the private-enterprise system, is it not much more reasonable to say, "Thank you, Mr. Advertiser, whoever you are, for making it possible for me to hear Mr. Swing, Mr. Murrow, Mr. Kaltenborn and others like them?"

PHILIP SALISBURY,
New York City Executive Editor, Sales Management

[The issue is not private v. public ownership. The issue is good taste. There are already radio advertisers who show regard for the sensibilities of their listeners. The number will grow if it can be proved that observance of the common decencies in news broadcasts is good business. The letters The New Republic is receiving in support of Mr. Sprague's article point the conclusion that good taste would pay. — THE EDITORS]

SIR: Even without the sponsoring of slaughter, radio advertising is sufficiently offensive to cause me *not* to purchase the items advertised if I can help it. Long ago I gave up Pall Mall cigarettes, Salerno Butter Cookies and Walgreen malted milk shakes. I would give up my six to ten cups of coffee per day before I would buy Thomas J. Webb's coffee. The radio advertising for these products is so offensive that even I, who can wade through scores of Fortune and Saturday Evening Post issues without feeling the urge to buy anything advertised in them, cannot tolerate it: the only definite response it gets from me is my resolution not to buy.

During the last few years I have seen only one person who cared to listen to Mr. Ford's Cameron, and it was always an amusing thought to me that on Sunday evening, at exactly the same moment, all over this country hundreds of thousands of

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persons made the identical motion—to tune Mr. Cameron's voice out of their radios. The current attempt to promote sales by "sponsoring slaughter" is not a new technique but simply the last word from the insensitive vocabulary of salesmanship.

Chicago, Ill. J. WESLEY LITTLEFIELD

SIR: I feel just as disgusted as does Mr. Sprague over the heartlessness of some of these advertising announcements against a background of misery and horror in the European war news. However, in lighter vein I recently wrote a few lines on this subject which I sent to one of the New York City daily newspapers but which they did not publish, perhaps for fear of offending their advertisers. Here goes:

Tuning in on the News

The latest news from Europe, but first—
Drink So and So to quench your thirst.
Berlin—Nazi artillery tonight pounds
The Russian lines. Folks, try Mounds!
And now, from Moscow—
You ought to drink Bosco!
At 9 o'clock tonight in Memel
Somewhere a boy is using Kreml.
Important developments in France—
With every suit two pairs of pants.
London—Britain's hopes began to climb—
"Autocrat of beauty, aristocrat of time."
1 a. m.—The neighbors yell
"Turn off that radio!" Yes, War is Hell!

New York City IRVING SHAPIRO

SIR: I'd like to put in my oar along with Jesse Rainsford Sprague with reference to the radio commercials. I too have been utterly disgusted with the whole situation and as a result have missed some very good programs (notwithstanding).

Because one company sponsored a program this summer without the commercial, I found myself driving out of my way to buy their gas and oil, and I am sure many others have acted likewise.

Cleveland, O. J. C. MILES

SIR: Can there longer be any doubt that "private broadcasting" is utterly conscienceless? Even CBS has finally succumbed to Coca Cola's largesse and now permits them to insinuate themselves on their most popular program, the Sunday afternoon concerts of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

I don't know whether the mental age of radio listeners is over or under twelve years, but I am sure any child could answer the question whether Coca Cola creates good will or resentment among symphony listeners with this brazen intrusion.

BEN LOWENTHAL

Cincinnati, O.

SIR: I was very glad to read the article by Mr. Sprague, "Slaughter, Sponsored by—." It is high time there was a protest against this mixing of war news and advertising in this country. I have been so irritated lately that I listen instead to the National News Bulletin by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation—a fine summary of the news every evening at ten o'clock. No advertising here, nor by Wilson Woodside earlier in the evening.

Exeter, N. H. M. B. DANA

SIR: I agree heartily with the article by Jesse Rainsford Sprague. I have been exasperated by the advertising that we have to listen to today in order to get some of our favorite newscasters. In a newspaper or magazine we can read the advertising or not as we choose, but to force it down our throats as they are doing in these newscasts certainly is creating anything but good will for the products so advertised. I am surprised that some of our well known and respected newscasters will lend their support, as they are doing, for articles that are positively harmful for daily use, such as laxatives and alkalizers.

Lansing, Mich. WM. R. DAVIS, D.D.S.

The Canadian Army

SIR: In your editorial "Canada and Conscription" (The New Republic, July 28), you said: "Quebec, incidentally, exceeds its quota of volunteers." This statement, without further information, is misleading and does not give a fair view of the real situation as to volunteer enlistments in Quebec or in Canada.

In the first place, the quotas were not based on population. So we have a much lower proportionate quota in Quebec than in any other province in Canada. The Montreal Gazette recently commented editorially:

> The number of recruits Ontario military districts were asked to furnish represented 3.8 percent of the eligible bachelors and widowers of military age. Quebec's quota was 1.7 percent. Why the discrimination?

Some suggest the discrepancy in assigning quotas was due to the fact that 78.9 percent of the population in Quebec is of French descent, while the proportion in the other provinces averages only 8.7 percent.

Your statement concerning Quebec is not entirely true. The military district of which Quebec City is the center did exceed its quota, but the Montreal military district failed by more than 20 percent.

Quebec, P. Q. T. G. BUNTING

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Miles E. Cary, principal of the McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii, has sent us a copy of a letter which he and twenty-five other prominent residents have sent to President Roosevelt and to their delegate in Congress. The letter urges an immediate declaration of war against Germany because ". . . refusal to enter the war now merely postpones the day when we must fight the Third Reich, perhaps without allies"; because "our efforts in this struggle will continue to be half-hearted so long as America avoids full participation"; because now, while Germany's attention is occupied with Russia, is the time to strike a forceful blow; and because a declaration of war would enormously strengthen "the morale of all peoples fighting the Third Reich, and our own." "Some of us in Hawaii," says Mr. Cary, "are taking seriously the proposal made by the editors of The New Republic that our Congress should declare war on Hitler immediately."

The first issue of a new magazine, The Russian Review ("An American Journal Devoted to Russia—Past and Present"), is soon to appear. It will be edited by William Henry Chamberlin and will be issued semi-annually. Subscriptions for two issues (November, 1941, and March, 1942) $2; single copy, $1. Further information may be obtained from the office of The Russian Review at 215 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

An announcement comes to us from the Vassar Political Association of a conference to be held at Poughkeepsie, New York, on November 15-16 at which the problem of "The Nation's Responsibilities to the Draftee" will be considered. Prominent speakers will be invited to discuss the "effect of the draft on colleges, actual conditions in army camps, ways to improve army morale, the relationship between army morale and civilian morale, and specific action which students can take to improve the general situation."

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Wolfe and the Lost People

FROM THE TWO huge packing boxes of manuscript that Thomas Wolfe left behind him, his editor has already uncrated and reassembled two novels. Now Mr. Aswell presents a last volume of shorter pieces, "The Hills Beyond" (Harpers, $2.50). It makes a rather tame ending to Wolfe's posthumous career.

Partly the book consists of magazine stories, the best of which, "Chickamauga," was written for and rejected by The Saturday Evening Post. Partly it consists of incidents that were omitted from the published novels, and sometimes with good reason. Thus, "Portrait of a Literary Critic"—who might be Dr. Canby—is not half so funny or outrageous or touching as the portrait of Ernest Boyd in "The Web and the Rock." There is also the beginning of a novel, "The Hills Beyond," which was to carry the story of Monk Webber's ancestors from their first settlement in the Carolina mountains down to the year of his birth. It would have been more objective than Wolfe's other novels and the finished chapters contain a marvelous picture of a backwoods statesman, but that is about all one can say for it; the writing is dispirited. By far the best of the selections is an autobiographical essay called "God's Angry Man," in which Wolfe looks candidly at his own problems.

The book ends with an interesting "Note on Thomas Wolfe," in which Mr. Aswell explains the author's method of writing and the general plan he hoped to carry out, as well as the nature of the task he bequeathed to his editor. That task is finished now. The contents of the two packing boxes—including the still unpublished portions, which are as long as three ordinary novels—"will probably go eventually to some college library. . . . One can already foresee the endless stream of theses that will come out of it." I have no wish to contribute to that stream. But I should like to talk briefly about one phase of Wolfe's work and personality that has been overlooked: his relation to the pitiable but not untalented artists whom he sometimes described as "the lost people."

These yearners and searchers are like the characters he described in Book II of his second novel, "Of Time and the River." "The members of Professor Hatcher's class," he said, ". . . belonged to that great lost tribe of people who are more numerous in America than in any other country in the world." Wolfe had been telling the story of his own post-graduate years at Harvard, and apparently he was setting down everything from memory, changing only the names: thus, Professor Hatcher with his black-ribboned eyeglasses is obviously George Pierce Baker, and these particular representatives of the lost tribe are Wolfe's classmates studying to be great American dramatists in the 47 Workshop. But the passage is worth quoting at length:

> They belonged to that unnumbered horde who think that somehow, by some magic and miraculous scheme or rule or formula, "something can be done for them." They belonged to that huge colony of the damned who buy thousands of books that are printed for their kind, telling them how . . . to write short stories, novels, plays and verses which are profitably salable, how to keep from having body odor, constipation, bad breath or tartar on the teeth, how to have good manners, know the proper fork to use for every course, and always do the proper thing—how, in short, to be beautiful, "distinguished," "smart," "chic," "forceful" and "sophisticated"—finally, how to have "a brilliant personality" and "achieve success."
>
> Yes, for the most part, the members of Professor Hatcher's class belonged to this great colony of the lost Americans. . . . They belonged to that futile, desolate and forsaken horde who feel that all will be well with their lives, that all the power they lack themselves will be supplied, and all the anguish, fury and unrest, the confusion and the dark damnation of man's soul can magically be healed if only they eat bran for breakfast, secure an introduction to a celebrated actress . . . or win admission to Professor Hatcher's celebrated class of dramatists.

I was struck by the passage, and by the episodes that follow it, because, like everyone else in the literary world, I had known so many members of the lost tribe. Very quickly one learned to distinguish them from younger writers trying to get a start and from older writers willing to deal professionally with a given subject or to earn a few extra dollars. There was nothing businesslike about them and no indication of special interests, although they often wished to prove that some famous author was a failure and a fake. Most of them had the timid yet eager air of persons who want to have something done for them and can offer nothing in return. They seemed to think that a review or a translation or an article, that anything appearing over their signature would somehow change their lives, would make them, as Wolfe said, "forceful" and "sophisticated" and give them "a brilliant personality."

If you talked to them at length, you would often find that they had more interesting stories than any they would ever write. They might have come from a village in the Dakotas—three gaunt frame houses beside a grain elevator—or perhaps from a fat Wisconsin farm or a ghost town in the Colorado mountains. They would have been the most brilliant students in the county high school, the editors of their school magazines, the speakers on commencement day; or again, belonging to wealthier families, they might have made a high but erratic record at some Eastern preparatory school. In any case they would have become deeply convinced that their talent was above the ordinary, and they would have seized on the ambition of winning success in literature (or music or the drama).

The accent was always on the success and not on the artistic productions by which it was to be achieved. They didn't really want to write books *about* something or other that had to be said; they wanted simply to *write* (pronouncing the word as if it had an esoteric meaning) or better still "to be writers." They had quarreled with their families, they had torn themselves away from their background (and learned to despise it), they had made their way to Cambridge, New York or Paris and lived there on charity and odd jobs while working like demons. One of them I knew was cook on a tugboat—a good cook too; another was a lifeguard and still another a counterman in a cafeteria. Most of the women were able stenographers, though I heard of two or three who earned their living as chorus girls in the Forty-second Street burlesque houses. Even the more delicate souls who became house poets to rich old ladies, the most ignominious of all trades, still had a bitter and hilarious book to write about their experiences. And they had talent as well; in some cases they had more of it

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than the successful writers they affected to despise. The trouble was that somehow, for reasons nobody could understand, they failed to put their talent to work.

The explanation that Thomas Wolfe gives for their failure is at first entirely too simple. Just after the paragraphs I quoted, he tells us that very few of the plays written by his fellow students in Professor Hatcher's class had any intrinsic reality. The reason was that "most of these people were lacking in the first, the last, the foremost quality of the artist, without which he is lost: the ability to get out of his own life the power to live and work by, to derive from his own experience . . . the palpable and living substance of his art." It is because of this personal insufficiency, Wolfe says, that the lost people became not only sterile but venomous. They ended as "the true enemies of the artist's living spirit, the true defilers and betrayers of creation—the impotent fumbling little half-men of the arts whose rootless, earthless, sunless lives have grown underneath a barrel, and who bitterly nurse their fancied injuries, the swollen image of their misjudged worth, and hiss and sting in all the impotent varieties of their small envenomed hate; who deal the stealthy traitor's blow in darkness at the work and talent of far better men than they." The real artist owes them nothing whatever but contempt.

Yet Wolfe himself must have felt that he also owed them pity, understanding and even tenderness. As his story about them developed and forced him to treat them as individuals instead of a group, he discovered that some of them were likable persons. The very worst of them—old Cram, the malignant composer—is given a certain redeeming pathos. And the gifted Francis Starwick, whom the author has been treating with not a little respect, is finally revealed as a member of the great lost tribe—the bright boy of a little Illinois town, "the local prodigy, the teacher's pet."—"Perhaps that is my destiny," Starwick exclaims, "to have something of the artist's heart, his soul, his understanding, his perceptions—never to have his power, the hand that shapes, the tongue that can express—oh, God, is *that* to be my life?"

Nor is Starwick the only man of talent who has found himself in this position. Thomas Wolfe himself, for all his abounding vigor, for all his wealth of memories ("I never forget," he said in an early letter to his mother, which Mr. Aswell quotes in full; "I have never forgotten; I have tried to make myself conscious of the whole of my life") and for all his magnificent determination to "think all the thoughts, feel all the emotions I am able, and . . . write, write, write"—Thomas Wolfe himself seemed to be trying desperately, in his later years, to recover the talent that he had neither exhausted nor destroyed, but that had somehow slipped into such a deep crevice of his personality that he could reach it only at moments. He cried out for help, though, unlike his classmates in English 47, he knew where it might be found—if only he could move in that direction. He was too proud, too generous to feel the sort of envy in which Cram and even Starwick indulged; yet still he developed at the end a feeling of being persecuted and betrayed that was already foreshadowed in his remark about the stealthy traitor's blow. The reason why his novels kept returning to the problem of the lost people; the reason why he both hated and pitied, yet essentially failed to understand them, was that in some respects he was one of their tribe.

But this problem of why they were lost is greater than Thomas Wolfe, and indeed comes close to being the problem of American writers in general. Why have so many hundreds of them stopped halfway through the great work they confidently expected to finish? Why have so many scores of them relapsed into mediocrity or silence after one fine book; and why have even the best of them found it difficult or impossible to carry their careers beyond what should have been a midway point? ("He drinks," people will always say, but why does he have to drink?) These are questions that I suppose will never be answered, although literary critics working with intelligent psychologists—and not forgetting the professional difficulties that writers face and their relations to bourgeois society—might cast new light on them. But while waiting for such a coöperative undertaking, I might venture a guess about the direction in which the answers are to be sought.

They lie somewhere, I think, in the vast borderland between individual psychology and human relations. We can take for granted that the lost people started out with the usual store of adolescent dreams and impressions, raw material for the books they might later write. The French used to say that every man carries at least one novel in a sack on his back, and the lost people may have had more than that, since as a rule they were uncommonly gifted. But they also had what literary clubwomen call the artistic temperament: that is, they were vain and sensitive, were stimulated by books rather than persons, and were almost wholly wrapped up in their own emotions. Of that tem-

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perament, every writer shows a trace, but the lost people had more than their share of it, and this, I think, was the ultimate cause of their defeat. It kept their attention turned inwards and prevented them from adding to their stock of material, since any new impressions would have to come from the outside.

At first they did not realize the risk they were running; their technical skill was increasing and apparently they had no trouble finding things to say. But as time went on, their difficulties increased. What they had come to regard as a never failing reserve of literary impressions was in fact being emptied like a granary in winter, and they could find no way to replenish it. Worst of all, they had lost the key to such talent as they still possessed. They knew the talent was there, since its presence had often been proved in the past—their teachers had told them about it, critics had praised them as "new voices"—and now when it disappeared they were not ashamed to cry out for help. Only a minor change would be necessary, a helpful teacher, a fashionable psychoanalyst, a formula or doctrine that would magically open a new life. But the change when it came improved their situation not in the least. If I have described the problem correctly, it was the result of self-centeredness; and the various methods by which they tried to solve it had the final effect of making it worse, by driving their attention back on themselves. They cried out for help once more, hoping that this time would be the last, but their dilemma was endless; they couldn't go home again; they were, as Wolfe said often, "lost, ah, lost."

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

The Greatest Myth of All

CONCERNED primarily with Nazi Germany, a distinction of Reimann's book[1] is that it asks the fundamental questions: How did the German state come into being? What are its drives? Is it simply another instance of imperialism, or is it something fundamentally new? Can it turn from war to peace when Europe has been consolidated? Is it internally stable? Is it capitalism, is it socialism? Examining these questions, Reimann shows insight, capacity to cut deep and still see out. He employs a rigorous logic, but is on the whole free of dogma. And he invents a few concepts and phrases that are a boon.

His analysis rests upon an important distinction between two types of monopoly, the international and the national. The former is exemplified in Britain, France, Holland. Built upon financial and technical superiority and on favorably situated materials, these monopolies formed a world of free markets, mobile goods and capital, and governments whose intervention was confined to the protection of vested interests abroad, when colonial revolt or national rivalries threatened them. In these countries there grew up large populations whose incomes depended upon these worldwide arrangements. The international banker and rentier are the perfect type of the international man. But, as Reimann points out, the middle class and the labor movement too were pensioners upon the system and their desire for security made them conservatively disposed toward its preservation. Reimann classes all of these, happily, in a category to which he gives the name Conservative Man. And Conservative Man was moved above all by a desire for peace and stability.

Germany's was a different story, for there the national type of monopoly was encouraged by an Open Door at Home for industry, particularly for heavy industries, and finally for armaments above all. The German national monopoly required elaborate intervention on its behalf by government, promoting a relationship between monopoly and state unlike that obtaining in other Western nations. The significance was great. International monopolies widened the base for Conservative Man by creating opportunities for the small property owner to share income from the world. The national monopolies weakened the base for Conservative Man, his income shrinking as industrial control centered in a small financial and industrial aristocracy.

This distinction was missed by Western writers. They expected the German monopolies, "after they had been helped to their feet, to develop along British lines." But because these monopolies were not created to satisfy internal demands for industrial or consumption goods, they could grow strong, attract new capital and extend capacities only by the conquest of the world market. The "tensions at home among the little men" made this the more imperative. But a peaceful penetration of the world market was bound to be impossible, as the abortive efforts of the twenties demonstrated. So, "a new type of world power appears, which would try to overthrow the old world economic foundation by force of arms rather than by commercial penetration." This is a new type of imperialism, not a streamlined version of the old.

There is both irony and pathos, as Reimann describes it, in the failure of Conservative Man to understand the radical character of the threat to his world represented by the Nazi movement, and in his naïve, futile efforts to appease it in the expectation that of course it would outgrow its adolescent impudence and, developing along standard lines, act with respect toward existing international arrangements. Relentlessly, Conservative Man in Germany was caught up in the bog of totalitarianism from which he cannot extricate himself, and his more numerous counterpart in Britain was forced into a military effort more devastating to his world than anything he had ever imagined. Conservative Man's blindness is set forth skillfully here and touched with odd lights that are Reimann's own.

But what are the portents of the total state at war for us? There are liberals in this country who, hating the Nazi movement, yet claim that it does not threaten our peace and freedom. There are socialists and "intellectuals" who, for all their distaste of its cruelties, believe that it is doing what bankers, politicians and men of good will could not

[1] The Myth of the Total State, by Guenter Reimann. New York: William Morrow and Company. 284 pages. $2.75.

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do: integrate Europe into a truly socialist commonwealth.

Reimann shows the obtuseness of both of these groups. If Hitler "unifies Europe," he will use the conquered peoples for tribute, and their territories for the extension of the monopolies of the Reich. He will allow only such industry to remain as will be useless in future military and economic rivalry against the Reich, and will be suitable for low-wage competition against the United States in Latin America and the Far East. For Europe this means at best the exploitation of masses of underpaid labor, and at the worst industrial decay and enormous overpopulation.

The peace-lovers are bound similarly to disappointment, says Reimann. For a Europe exploited will make its despot "prisoner of the machine he has created." Hitler must construct a gigantic state organization to conquer, and another in order himself to live at peace. Such a machine will require that absolute power be used to feed the machine. The fact is that the resources of the total state are never adequate to supply the vast apparatus of party, military and managerial officials with the materials requisite for their support. German resources were insufficient, once the machine was built. *Lebensraum* became the call. A dominated Europe will require a greatly enlarged machine. *Lebensraum* will become Europe's call. In the name of *Lebensraum*, the "mechanized Juggernaut sweeps on, because it cannot stop." The objective cannot fall short of world dominion, says Reimann. Here is the final picture of *Lebensraum*, painted by the Haushofer group as they plan first for the war against America, and finally for the war of the white race against *homo sapiens* everywhere.

Another way of saying this is that perforce the total state is seeking stability, and to win it there must be constructed a population of Conservative Man large enough to preserve, because it is interested in preserving, the state. But that, Reimann believes, the total state is unable to do. He describes the *ersatz* aristocracy of Germany, composed of its uneasy three elements, the managers, the officers and the party members. Each wishes to dominate, no one can do so without provoking intolerable internal crisis. Each, suspicious of the other, organizes its army of spies to check, conspire and report to the Führer, who juggles the three perilously against each other. They have no identity of interest, so they construct a myth, that of the total state, and a goal, that of exploits abroad. But escaping from the necessity of confronting the internal contradictions at home, their exploits abroad provoke extended instability. For they destroy Conservative Man everywhere, and feed the growing army of famished and discontented youth whose efforts to find security for themselves cannot permanently be suppressed, nor yet be tolerated. The more successful the foreign wars, the more threat to the stability of the new elite. The more this stability is sought, the remoter it becomes.

This is a book for today, and for those who wish to think beyond tomorrow too. It is hard-headed; although the chapter on Russia seems to me not only an interruption of the analysis, but weak as well. Some wishful thinking creeps in at the end, and I question Reimann's confident belief that the rivalries of the German elite groups cannot be resolved in time. But such demurrers are minor to a study of arresting strength. If a great age in social analysis is in the making, Reimann's book will have an important place in it.

J. RAYMOND WALSH

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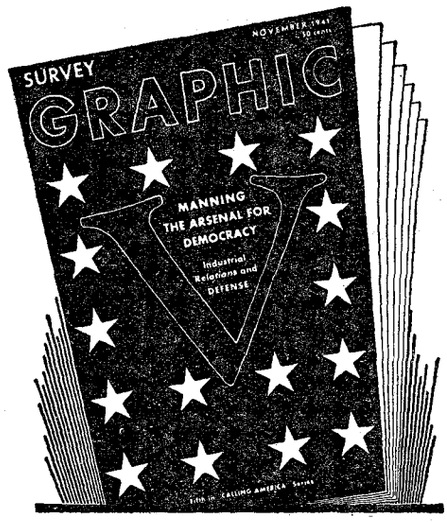

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Two and Carry One

On Troublesome Creek, by James Still. New York: The Viking Press. 190 pages. $2.50.
Anything Can Happen, by Edward Newhouse. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 286 pages. $2.50.
The Penguin New Writing 6, edited by John Lehmann. New York: Penguin Books. 139 pages. 25 cents.

THIS MUST OF NECESSITY set off not with a statement of faith or taste, but with an apology; and the apology should be made at once to James Still and to Edward Newhouse because, try as I may, I cannot bring any sort of complete judgment to their books on the merits of what they have achieved. Just or unjust, I am far too much concerned with what they both have failed to do. Somewhere in "The House of the Dead" Dostoevsky made the required preamble to the matter when he wrote: "Let us seek to escape from ourselves and from the limits of what we have allowed to happen to us in life so that we may be free to recognize the same unalterable truths in the experiences of others," and while reading these books I sought for that detachment in the name of those unalterable truths. That I did not find what I wanted to is doubtless neither Mr. Still's nor Mr. Newhouse's fault. They had set themselves the task of writing short stories, and they succeeded in writing some very able short stories, and it is perhaps presumptuous to ask them to do anything else besides.

In the first place, I consider that both Still and Newhouse are singularly well equipped for writing—but it is only fair to add that such excellent equipment can come to be a writer's worst enemy. Both of these young men possess the writer's true, sensitive ear, and the writer's flair for copy; both of them are adequately alive to the realities of their own particular background and scene. Newhouse says what he has to say in a racy New York lingo, and Still in a probably quite authentic if somehow disturbing Kentucky mountain speech. Because the latter's props and paraphernalia would seem to be of a tougher and more elemental nature one might, at first glance, be led to believe that one had to do with work of a richer substance; but in spite of the territorial states which lie between them, these men and their accomplishments are singularly akin. I read them both with that sense of uneasiness which is in itself a condemnation, with that disastrous sense of embarrassment which is felt in the presence of a story that may or may not come off successfully and which has nothing to do with the suspense of clear and beautiful writing. In both Still and Newhouse the device and the resource to unforgivable trickery are there.

James Still's device is, in consideration of his material, an extremely unworthy one: each story is brought to its conclusion by a suddenly and rather foolishly buoyant paragraph or two which one must take as substitute for development, expansion and solution, and which is none of the three. Edward Newhouse employs two devices: the first an attempt to give sequence and unity to his collection by stating that the leading characters were all boys of a certain high-school class—an idea used admirably by William March in "Company K," but which in this case loses all value because of its irrelevance to the matter. His second device is one Hemingway made use of in his "In Our

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Time" and which in any time seems to me a makeshift for both continuity of effort and continuity of thought. It consists of prefacing each short story with one or two paragraphs of italicized print upon a separate page, chosen, one presumes, for their succinct quality. One of the most successful of Newhouse's is this:

The bedbug crawled slowly along Schlesinger's collar, pausing here and there to orient itself. Theodore whispered, There is a bedbug on your shirt. Schlesinger brushed it off, stepped on it and said Thanks, but he never would speak to Theodore after that. When they met on the street car or in the locker room, Schlesinger just looked the other way.

To look elsewhere, I turned with some eagerness to "The Penguin New Writing, 6," edited by John Lehmann, because it seemed to me that, coming from England today, it must give some sort of enduring shape to at least a few of the scattered bits and pieces of expression which neither unflagging violence nor unflagging organization had yet been able to destroy. The paper of this little book is wartime paper, the print is bad, and the volume itself, due to obvious restrictions, far too scanty. But just as it is, as well as because of what it is, it has a profound and terrible claim on us. It is one part, and a significant part, of that courage which we over here have not yet needed to summon in order to survive. One of the purposes of "The Penguin New Writing" is, John Lehmann states in his foreword, "to keep alive the awareness of a great modern literature in Europe which has common roots with our own," and thus the collection includes translations as well. It includes the translation of a propaganda play by Bert Brecht, and there is an acuteness and a dismay to this propaganda which are good, although the play itself would seem to be perhaps hastily and certainly one-dimensionally done. There is some inadequate poetry by Spender, C. Day Lewis and others; and there is a truly remarkable contribution by a Captain X. Y. Z. who is "at present stationed somewhere in England." This, and one short story, justify in themselves alone the publication of the entire volume. The story, by James Hanley, is called "Seven Men" and it seems to me a far better piece of writing than even Dylan Thomas' contribution, "A Visit to Grandpa's"—which is very high praise indeed.

All homage should be given to John Lehmann in the name of those absurdly unalterable truths. In the article by Stephen Spender called "Books and the War," Lehmann has given space to at least two sentences which seem to me of extraordinary beauty and significance:

Problems of social organization are so crucially important that any religious mind which ignores them instead of providing an example to the world, like the teaching of Christ, has shrunk into a shelter from the world. The destruction which one nation can inflict on another has dwarfed even terrible natural events and examples of happiness or unhappiness in private life made public.

Because I believe in the truth of that statement, "The Penguin New Writing" is for me far more than just one more collection of odds and ends. I believe that it is, simply and without fanfare, one more volume in our possible contemporary literature, the only literature which can have life for us today. Captain X. Y. Z. has said it very well. He

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has said in this book: "Action is not the binding force, the bond of inspiration. Action cannot be. What binds is an Idea. An Idea. I give it a capital letter, because, although I have mentioned the word before, it is strange to you."

KAY BOYLE

Crimes of a Month

IF YOU TAKE PLEASURE in crime stories, Howard Haycraft's "Murder for Pleasure" (Appleton-Century, $3) is the kind of book that sets you thinking much further back than a month. It covers the history of detective fiction pretty extensively, it offers opinions and theories which you can enjoy arguing with, it touches upon such real mysteries as "Who is Francis Iles?," reveals the double literary life of such writers as Carter Dickson, and has a lot of interesting pictures. It also incites thought upon the flood of mystery books we get, and the reputations and successes that float on the surface of it.

That prevalent school, for instance, which Mr. Haycraft credits Ogden Nash with labeling "Had-I-But-Known," of which Leslie Ford is a prolific example. The Mrs. Latham who tells the Leslie Ford tales always suffers excruciatingly, most of it avoidable had she but known, and had she but minded her own business. Her friends are constantly having murders happen among them, and she is always getting involved and making things worse. It happens all over again in "The Murder of the Fifth Columnist" (Scribner's).

Mabel Seeley is another whose female-narrator is incurably stubborn about getting into messes and making them worse by thinking she's better than the police, always in a fog of terror. "The Chuckling Fingers" (Crime Club) has a bang-up character-plot, but is so clotted with palpitations and jitters that you get smothered trying to fight your way to the solution. Lenore Glen Offord, on the other hand, can create terror without always squealing and pointing her finger at it. The girl in "The Nine Dark Hours" (Duell, Sloan and Pearce) goes through genuinely scaring adventures, without losing her head or her sense of humor. She does lose her heart, quite believably.

Mr. Haycraft likes—and who doesn't?—the growth of what he calls "detection-cum-character." But when the crime-problem reaches after the advantages of being also a novel, you have a right to ask for some of the pleasure that comes from reading about real people, and liking some of them. The general drift is to make the victims so detestable that they deserve to be murdered, and everyone else unpleasant enough to be a likely murderer. Ngaio Marsh, for example, is getting so that in "Death and the Dancing Footman" (Little, Brown) you spend half a book among the damnedest folks, everyone of whom you'd gladly assassinate yourself before X finally does it and Roderick Alleyn steps in to find out who.

For a character-cum-crime novel it would be hard to find anything more satisfying than Harpers' reissue of "The Strange Case of Lucile Clery," by "Joseph Shearing." Familiar though its framework may be, through the book and movie of "All This and Heaven Too," this reconstruction of a celebrated case is a thoroughly swell job, with no punches pulled out of deference to Will Hays.

And always there is Simenon, whose stories are not so much carefully plotted puzzles dressed up in human form as crimes that seem the inevitable breaking-point of human passions. Harcourt, Brace brought out a couple of them a little while ago—"The Sailors' Rendezvous" and "The Saint-Fiacre Affair"—under the title of "Maigret Keeps a Rendezvous." It's about time for another batch.

Simenon points the way to something the gods may yet provide—a murder victim so lovable that tracking down the murderer is something more thrilling and time-passing for the reader than trying to solve a cross-word puzzle.

MORT. POST

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